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SMBBPDA MBB GOOD TONOSNPWOI!

Now don't think Uncle Joe forgot how to write English—that line on top is written in our Keen Detective code. If you will refer to your copy of our code (below) you ought to be able to translate the line into English in a few minutes, simply by substituting the letters on line 1, for those on line 2 of our code. Yes, you substitute C for S, A for M, L for B, I for P, N for D, G for A, etc.

Loko'I M Ixospmb Zccok!

Now translate that line back into English, substituting H for L, E for O, R for K, etc. And, here's one more message in code for you to translate

Aon M Iqobb Emamupdo Ckoo!

Well, there's enough code practice for now—by this time you ought to be able to write messages in our code and translate them pretty fast. Don't forget, you can have lots of fun writing secret messages in our code to your friends—they'll be able to translate them if they have a copy of this issue—but nobody else will know what you're writing about.

Now, here's a big surprise! I'm going to send each and every one of my Keen Detectives a copy of UNCLE JOE'S FUNNIES, a big 64-page book of magic tricks, games and puzzles. All you have to do to get this gift copy is to show me that you read some of my other comic magazines.

You know, Uncle Joe is also the editor of *Amazing Mystery Funnies, Funny Pages, Funny Picture Stories, Keen Komics, Star Comics,* and *Star Ranger Funnies.* All of these comics may be purchased at the same newsstand where you bought this magazine. If you will buy a copy of the current issue of any two of these magazines, I'll send you UNCLE JOE'S FUNNIES free of charge.

Here's what to do: First, tear off the top half of the front covers of the two comic magazines you have purchased. Next, print your name and address on a piece of paper. Then, put a 2c stamp (which covers the mailing cost of your free book)—the paper with your name and address—and the two comic magazine cover tops into an envelope. Mail it to: Uncle Joe, Suite 1609, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and I'll rush a free copy of UNCLE JOE'S FUNNIES to you by return mail. Make sure you send for your free book at once—our supply is very limited and I don't want you to be disappointed.

Uncle Joe
Chief of Detectives

THE KEEN DETECTIVE CODE

1. *Regular:*	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
2. *Code:*	M	Y	S	T	O	C	A	L	P	H	G	B	E	D	Z	X	F	K	I	N	J	W	Q	R	V	U

NEW

THE "FANTOM OF THE FAIR"

BRAND NEW **SUPER** MYSTERY THRILLER AGAINST A **WORLD FAIR** BACKGROUND. FAST!! MODERN!! **AMAZING!!**

DON'T MISS IT—SEE ➡

FIRST COMPLETE EPISODE - JULY *AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES*

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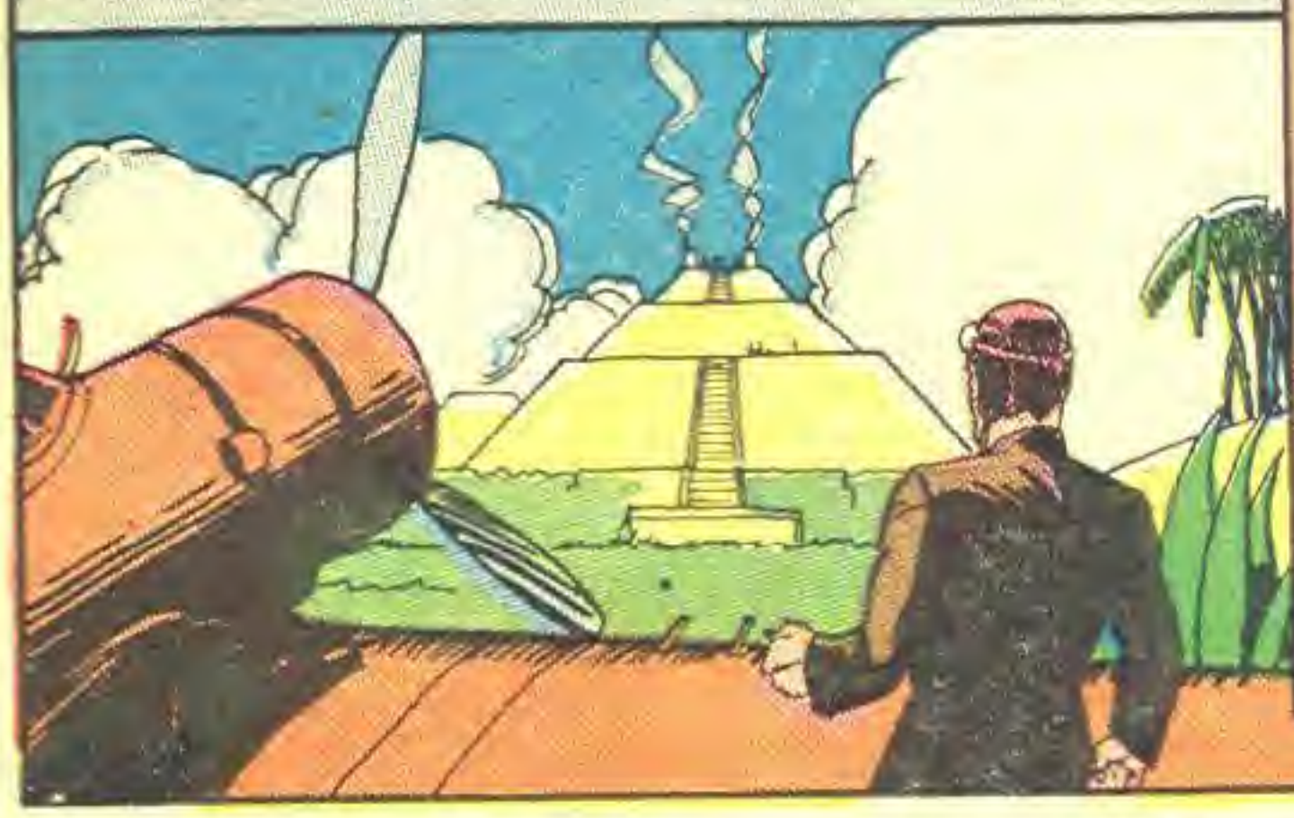
DEAN DENTON
scientific adventurer
THE PYRAMID OF DEATH
by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL



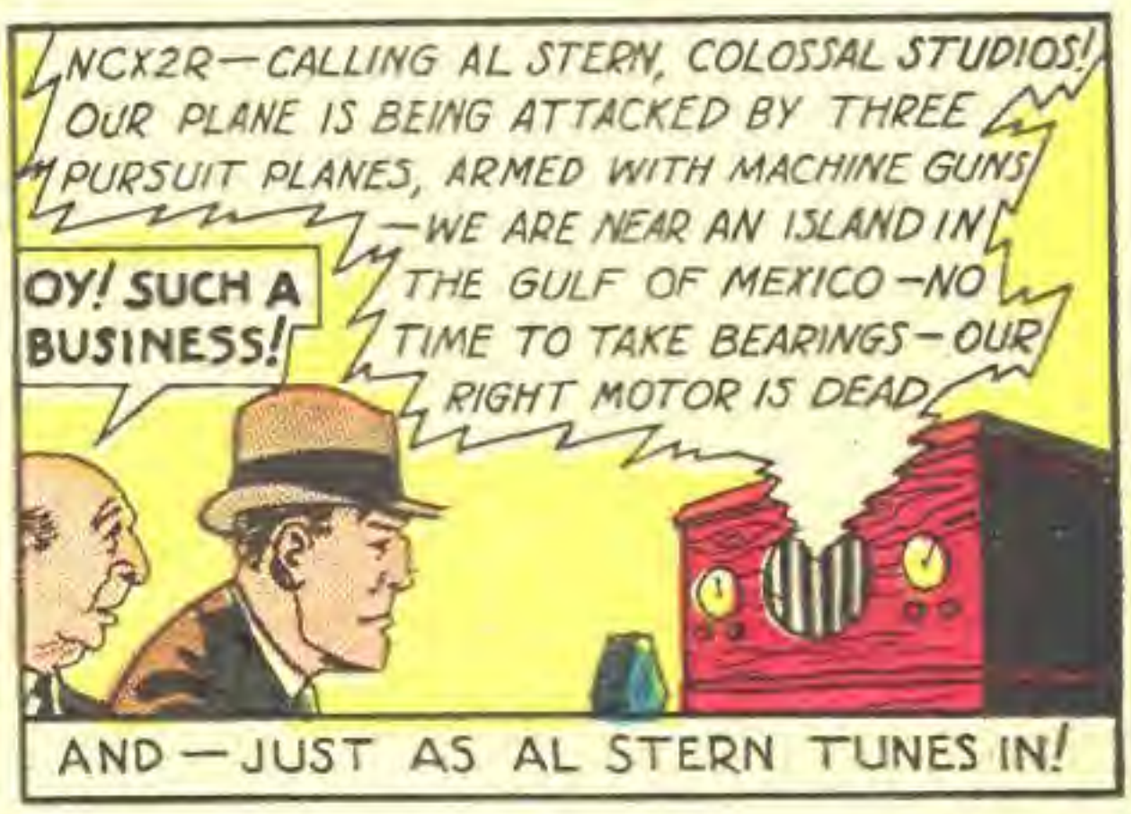
DEAN, AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST, HAS RETIRED FROM STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.

HE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME HELPING OTHERS OUT OF THEIR DIFFICULTIES BY MEANS OF SCIENCE.

RETURNING TO HOLLYWOOD AFTER SOLVING A CASE, HE FINDS THAT HIS ASSISTANT, CAROL KANE, HAS LEFT HOLLYWOOD BY PLANE FOR CENTRAL AMERICA.

CAROL, BITTEN BY THE "MOVIE-BUG", HAS BEEN GIVEN A PART IN COLOSSAL STUDIOS' NEWEST FILM AND HAS GONE ON LOCATION.

DEAN IS CALLING ON THE HEAD OF COLOSSAL STUDIOS, HIS FRIEND AL STERN ——

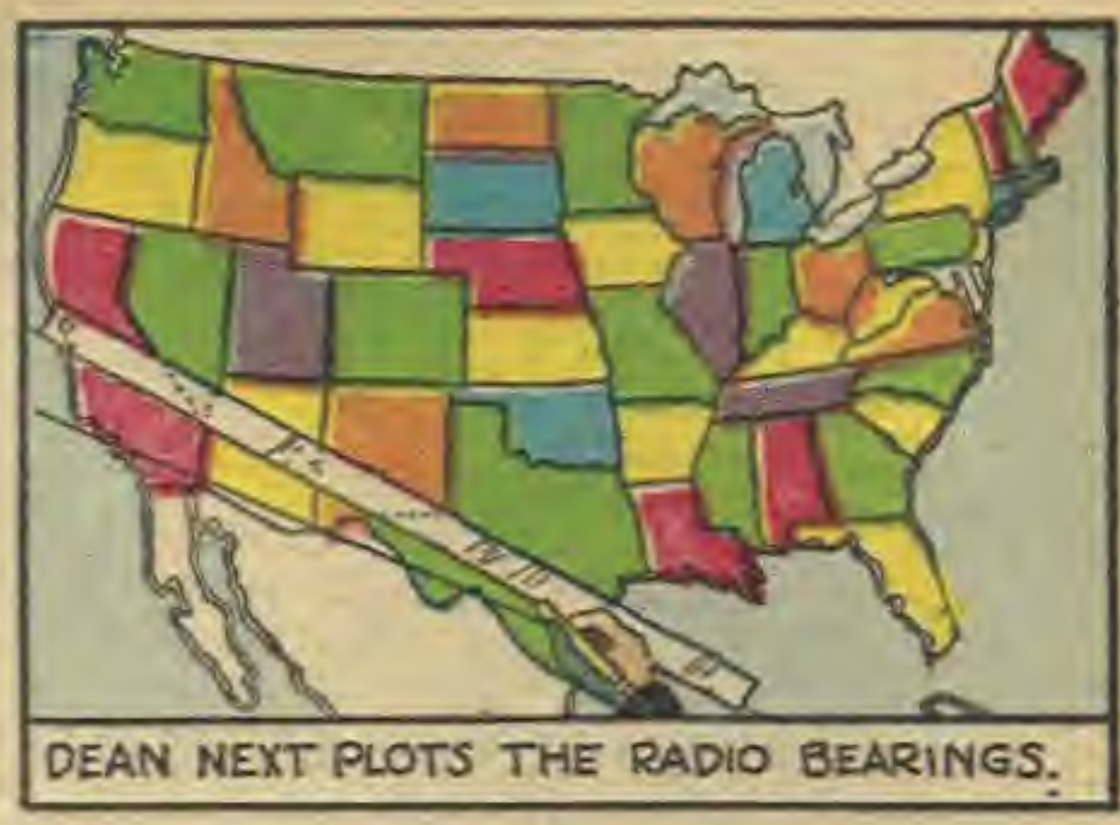


AND—JUST AS AL STERN TUNES IN!

DEAN HASTILY RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS —

THEN CALLS ANOTHER RADIO STATION.

—BOTH MOTORS ARE NOW DEAD! WE ARE GOING TO TRY A LANDING ON AN ISLAND JUST AHEAD —MAYBE WE —AWK!
HERE'S HOPING THAT STATION GOT THE BEARINGS—THERE'S THE PHONE NOW!


DEAN NEXT PLOTS THE RADIO BEARINGS.

AL,—CALL THE STUDIO FIELD AND TELL THEM TO WHEEL OUT THAT ATTACK SHIP —I'M ON MY WAY!
POS-I-TIV-LE DEAN—RIGHT AWAY!
A PURSUIT SHIP FROM THE AIR EPIC, "WAR EAGLES"—IS HASTILY PRESSED INTO ACTION!

THERE HE GOES!
YEP! BUT WHY DID HE TAKE AMMUNITION IN THOSE GUNS?
DEAN TAKES OFF 30 MINUTES LATER!

YEAH, THERE'S AN ISLAND THERE—'BOUT 70 MILES OFF SHORE! AINT NOTHIN' ON IT BUT A BUNCH OF OLD INDIAN RUINS! THEY CALL IT SOLON CAY
SHIP'S GASSED PARDNER!
DEAN GASSES UP AT BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

THIS POSITION IS JUST ABOUT WHERE CAROL'S PLANE WAS LAST HEARD FROM!
AND SOON IS OUT OVER THE MEXICAN GULF.

THERE IT IS!
AS THE SWIFT LITTLE PLANE EATS UP THE MILES, DEAN SEES A STRANGE ISLAND AHEAD, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE STUDIO'S PLANE VANISHED.

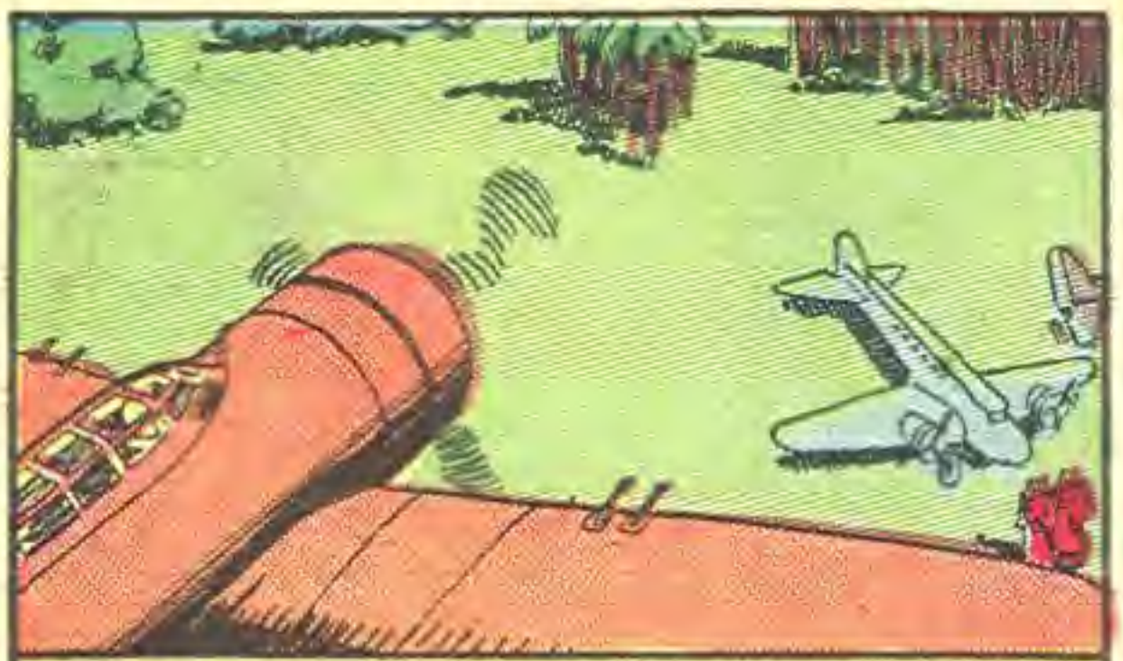
DEAN FLIES OVER SOLON CAY, WHERE HE SEES A HOST OF NATIVES GATHERING AROUND THE RUINS OF AN OLD AZTEC PYRAMID TEMPLE!

GREAT GUNS! THAT'S AN AZTEC TEMPLE IF THOSE DEVILS ARE REVIVING THEIR OLD SACRIFICIAL RITES, LORD HELP CAROL! **AZTECS AND AIRPLANES—I DON'T GET IT!**

DEAN LOOPS AND DIVES, HIS GUNS BLAZING!

SO — THEY WANT TO PLAY, HUH?
THREE PLANES SWOOP DOWN ON DEAN — NOT KNOWING HE IS ARMED AND READY TO FIGHT!

JEEPERS CREEPERS! THERE'S A RED SKULL PAINTED ON THOSE PLANES— **THE CONQUEROR** IS BEHIND THIS!
AS DEAN'S SUPERIOR FLYING AND MARKSMANSHIP DOWN THE THREE ATTACKING PLANES, HE MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY!



DEAN SIGHTS THE MISSING MOVIE PLANES ON SOLON CAY, AND DECIDES TO LAND.

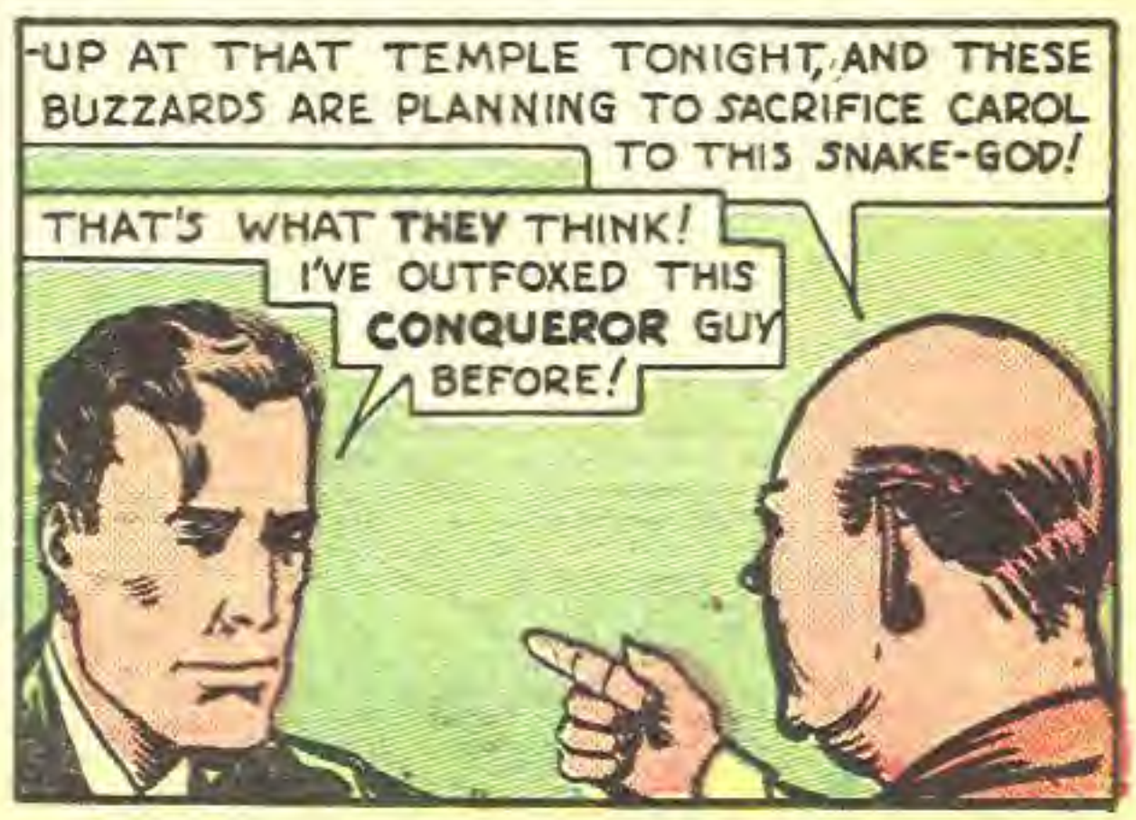
HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED, IN HOPE OF BEING TAKEN TO CAROL!

THE MOVIE CREW ARE ALSO PRISONERS!

DEAN'S VENTRILOQUISM FOOLS THE GUARDS!

HE SLIPS HIS BONDS, OVERPOWERS HIS CAPTORS

— AND RELEASES HIS FELLOW PRISONERS!



THE SACRIFICES WILL BE MADE AFTER DARK—H'M—I'VE A SCHEME WHICH OUGHT TO WORK!
A HUGE PALM TREE GROWING NEAR THE TEMPLE FURNISHES DEAN WITH AN INSPIRATION

ARE YOUR PROJECTORS AND BATTERIES O.K.? AND IS THERE A SPOOL OF FINISHED FILM IN THE PLANES?
SURE! WE CAN GET THEM HERE IN SHORT ORDER.

YOU FELLOWS TIE UP THOSE GUARDS I KNOCKED OUT, AND THEN COME AND HELP ME UNLOAD THE STUFF
O.K., DENTON

THE CAMERAMEN QUICKLY UNLOAD, AND SET—

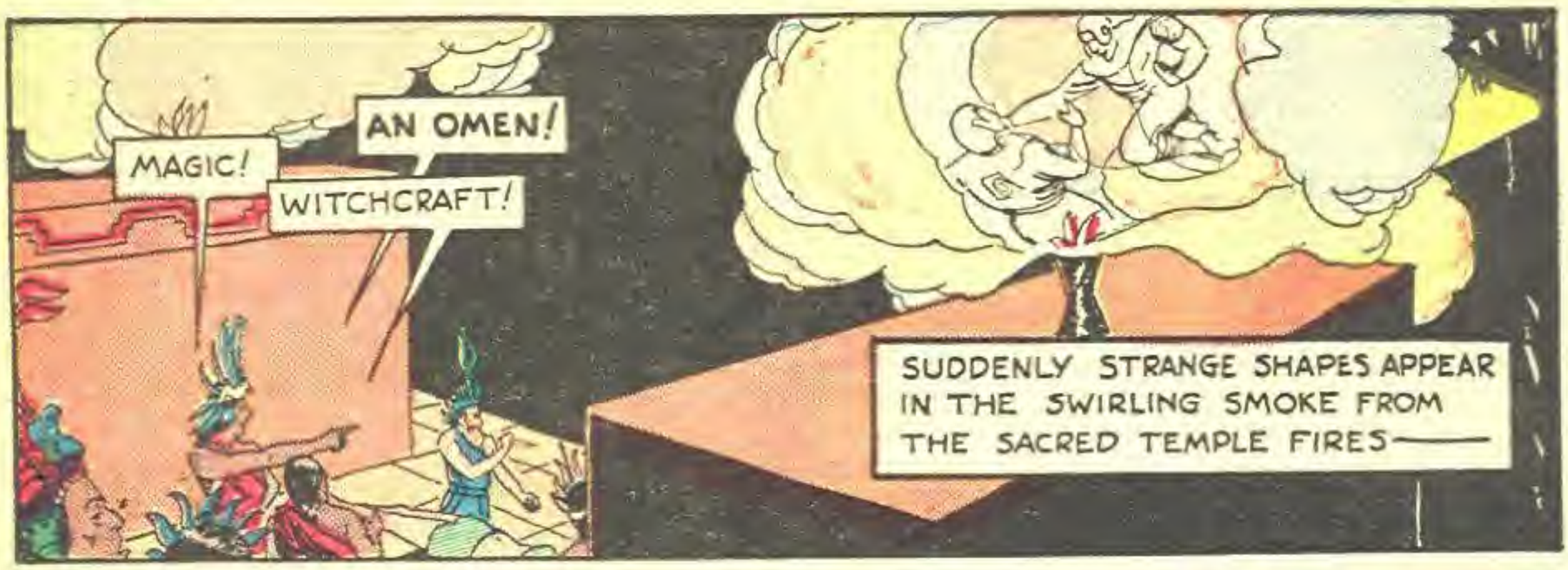
EVERYTHING'S SET NOW—YOU MEN KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN IT GETS DARK!
SURE!
UP THEIR EQUIPMENT BY THE BIG PALM TREE.

I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF NOW! —WHEN I DROP MY FLARE, THATS THE SIGNAL TO SHOOT THE WORKS!
GOOD LUCK, DEAN! WE'RE ALL SET.
BY DUSK THEIR PLANS ARE ALL FINISHED.
5

HAIL TO MIGHTY QUETZALCOATL!
THE CROWD OF AZTECS AWAIT THE SACRIFICE AS THE MOON BEGINS TO RISE.

DEAN CLIMBS TO 4000 FEET, CUTS HIS MOTOR, AND, SPIRALS DOWN SILENTLY—

A FLARE GIVES THE SIGNAL TO THE MOVIE CREW


MAGIC!
AN OMEN!
WITCHCRAFT!
SUDDENLY STRANGE SHAPES APPEAR IN THE SWIRLING SMOKE FROM THE SACRED TEMPLE FIRES——

DEAN!!
AND DEAN DROPS DOWN THRU THE SMOKE!

FREE THIS GIRL! LET THIS CEREMONY CEASE!! I—THE MESSENGER OF GREAT QUETZALCOATL COMMAND YOU!!

SEIZE THIS MAN! HE IS A FALSE GOD, AND SEEKS TO STEAL YOUR TREASURES!
IT'S A LIE! I AM QUETZALCOATL!

LET THE SPIRITS OF THE SMOKE DECIDE!

THE BEARDED ONE IS FALSE—EVEN UNTO HIS WHISKERS! HE IS A MAN OF EVIL, AND DESECRATES YOUR ALTAR!
STOP HIM!
AGAIN USING HIS POWERS AS A VENTRILOQUIST, DEAN MAKES ONE OF THE STRANGE FIGURES SPEAK FROM THE SMOKE.

I THOUGHT SO, BOLTON GATES—ALIAS THE CONQUEROR! TRYING TO GYP THESE POOR INDIANS, EH?
SO!
ONE QUICK YANK UNMASKS THE FALSE GOD!

YOU DO MUCH FOR ME—TECAN—CHIEF OF AZTECS—YOU NO LET ME GIVE GOLD OF MONTEZUMA TO FALSE GOD! YOU STAY WITH TECAN—MAKE MAGIC FOR HIM
NO! TECAN, MY FRIENDS AND I MUST GO BACK TO CALIFORNIA

—BUT WE'LL LEAVE GATES HERE—YOU KEEP HIM PRISONER FOR US
TECAN NO LET HIM GO!

YOU GOT THERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT?
THE CAMERA CREW PLANTED A PROJECTOR IN THAT BIG PALM TREE AND THREW MOVIES ON TO THE SMOKE FROM THOSE ALTAR FIRES—
HOMEWARD BOUND—AND CAROL SAFE!

—THEN I BAILED OUT IN MY CHUTE AND AND THE REST WAS EASY! I CAN JUST SEE STERN'S FACE WHEN HE HEARS THAT HIS 70,000 DOLLAR CRATE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GULF OF MEXICO!
—AND JUST ONE THING ELSE, YOUNG LADY! NO MORE MOVIE PARTS FOR YOU!

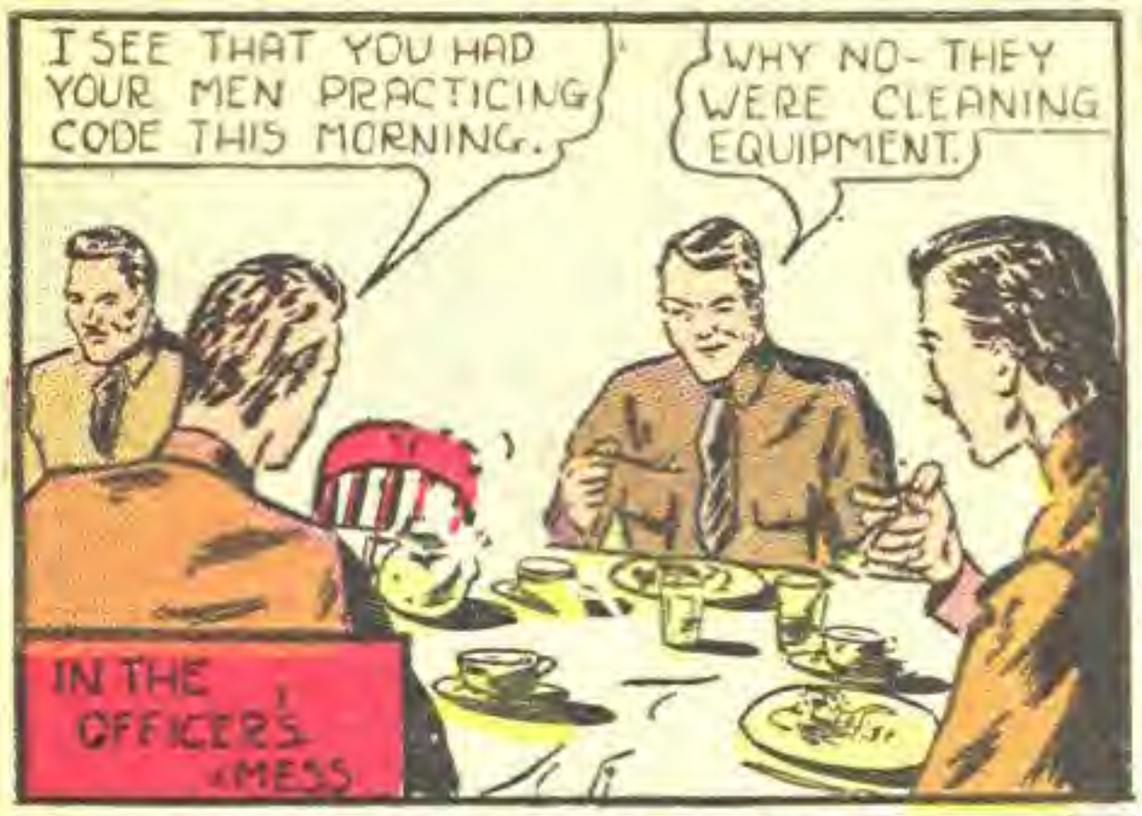
I WONDER IF THOSE INDIANS CAN MANAGE TO HANG ONTO GATES, HE'S SLIPPERY!
NC 127
THE END.

CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT MACLEAN
SPY HUNTERS
FIELD
BIXBY,... BIXBY!!! COME IN HERE A MOMENT.
DID YOU CALL, CAPTAIN?
NO SIR HI DIDN'T SIR
BIXBY, HAVE YOU SEEN OR MAYBE THROWN OUT ANY BLUE PAPERS?
WELL CAPTAIN, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
THOSE CONFIDENTIAL PAPERS ARE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING... I'VE LOCKED THEM IN MY DESK BUT EVERY TIME THE DRAWERS HAS BEEN FORCED! I THINK THAT WE HAD BETTER SET A TRAP TO-NIGHT!
I'LL GIVE YOU SOME BOGUS SETS AND THEY MAY TRY TO GET THEM—
SERGEANT MACLEAN, COME WITH ME.
THE CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT MACLEAN WIRE THE DESK AND FIX AN ALARM SYSTEM.

EARLY IN THE MORNING A FIGURE CLIMBS THRU THE WINDOW AND GOES TO THE DESK....

CROUCHING BY THE DESK, HE OPENS THE DRAWER — THE ALARM GOES OFF!

A DETAIL OF MEN START TO SEARCH THE HUTS OF ALL THE NATIVES.


I SEE THAT YOU HAD YOUR MEN PRACTICING CODE THIS MORNING.
WHY NO- THEY WERE CLEANING EQUIPMENT.
IN THE OFFICER'S MESS

THAT IS MOST PECULIAR ... I HAD MY MEN UP ON THE EAST HILLS THIS MORNING AND I SAW FLASHES OF LIGHT ON THE WEST HILL-AND I KNOW IT WAS CODE!

COME WITH ME LEFTENANT AND SHOW ME JUST WHERE YOU SAW THAT LIGHT.

IT WAS RIGHT OVER THERE IN THAT BRUSH.
I'M GOING OVER, YOU SEND SERGEANT MACLEAN.

THE CAPTAIN CLIMBS UP THE HILL TO THE SPOT THAT WAS POINTED OUT.

OH HO! A HELIO-GRAPH SET!

FIXED TO BLINK RIGHT AT THAT OLD HUT DOWN THERE!

HELLO SERGEANT, TURN BACK- WE'RE GOING ACROSS THE VALLEY.

WELL, THIS IS IT... LETS GO IN— DO YOU KNOW IF ANY ONE LIVES HERE
NO ONE, SIR.. BUT KIDS PLAY HERE SOMETIMES.

BY JOVE! THIS PLACE IS A PEST HOLE ....YOU SEARCH THE FRONT AND I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE REAR.

HERE IS A TRAP DOOR, SER.. HEY!

GO DOWN THE STEPS QUICK!!

FORSYTH IS FORCED DOWN THE STEPS WHERE HE FINDS SEVERAL LARGE ROOMS CUT OUT OF THE ROCK
THERE IS ANOTHER ONE IN THE HUT, TIED UP— GET HIM

HERE IS THE OTHER.. A SERGEANT— I'LL TIE THEM TO GETHER

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, SERGEANT?
I DON'T KNOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN WHAM! OOOOOH, MY HEAD!

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS WHO ARE THESE MEN.. WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH US?
AND HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?

MY SUN HELMET IS IN THE HUT...SOME ONE MAY FIND IT AND GIVE AN ALARM!

IF I CAN ONLY SMASH THIS BOTTLE— WE CAN CUT EACH OTHER LOOSE!

HURRY MAN, HURRY! YOU'VE NOT ALL NIGHT!

THE DOOR IS LOCKED. YOU KICK UP A FUSS AND I'LL GIVE THE GUARD ONE WHEN HE COMES IN!

AS THE GUARD ENTERS HE IS STRUCK DOWN!

THIS SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY OUT.. TAKE IT SLOWLY!
TNT

MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN THE PASSAGE FORSYTH AND MACLEAN FIND THEIR WAY BARRED BY A ROOM FULL OF HILLMEN!!

GO BACK AND GET THAT TIN OF TNT AND A FUSE ... WE'LL EMPTY IT— STICK THE FUSE IN, AND GIVE THEM A SCARE THAT THEY WILL REMEMBER!

IN THE MEAN-WHILE THE CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT HAVE BEEN MISSED. A SOLDIER HAS FOUND MACLEAN'S HELMET. THE SEARCH IS ON... A DETAIL STARTS TO MAKE A CONCENTRATED SEARCH

STICK THE FUSE IN AND LIGHT IT... THEN I'LL TAKE IT— YOU FOLLOW.
HOPE ALL THIS WORKS OUT

ON YOUR WAY, YA HEATHENS — I'LL GIVE YOU THREE 1,2...

3!

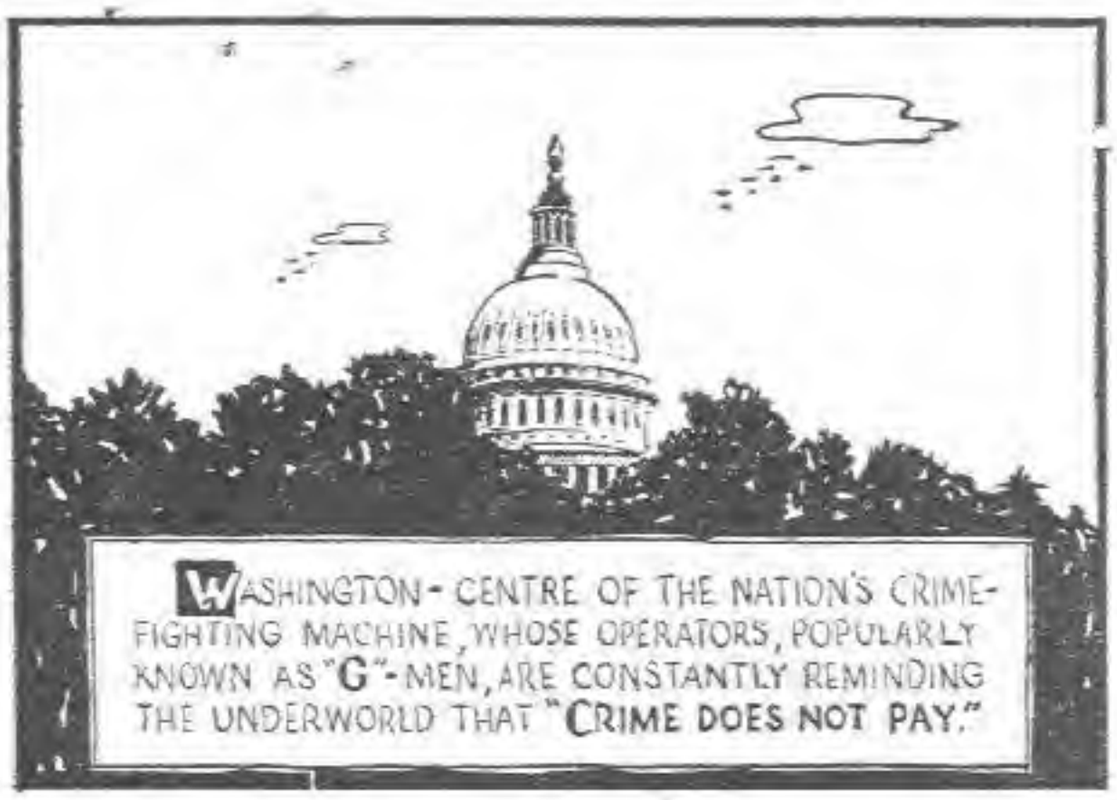
UP THE STEPS — THRU THE HUT AND INTO THE HANDS OF THE TROOPS GO THE NATIVES.

THEY ARE ALL TAKEN, SIR. THE COLONEL WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.
RIGHTO!

....AND HERE ARE THE PAPERS. WE DID MISS THE LEADER. BUT WE'LL GET HIM SOON.

Dan Dennis

by Gilman



HUH? GULP!! - WHERE'S THE FIRE? WHERE'RE WE GOIN?
C'MON, TICK, WE'VE GOT TO GET PACKED IN A JIFFY - GOT TO MAKE THE 7:40 IN THE MORNING!

NEW YORK - AND PLENTY OF ACTION!!
OH BOY SOUNDS SWELL!

...EARLY MORNING FLIGHT

WELL DAN - WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
OVER TO THE HOTEL FOR A BITE, AND THEN A NICE LONG WALK THRU THE CITY

HEY DAN! - WAIT UP A SECOND WILL YA-
WHAT'S UP, TICK?

WONDER WHAT THE CROWD'S ALL ABOUT?
LET'S GO SEE

OH, IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE FORTUNE TELLERS.- HE WRITES YOUR INITIALS ON BLANK SHEETS OF PAPER - ROLLS 'EM UP - INSERTS 'EM IN A HOLLOW TUBE - SAYS A FEW MAGIC WORDS - AND PRESTO OUT COMES YOUR FORTUNE, ALL WRITTEN.
2

ABRA - CADABRA!! ASIDA SHIBOUK!! ALLAH NA-MINGO!!

ALLAH HAS SPOKEN··· THE FUTURE WHICH IS YOURS, IS REVEALED IN THE SACRED HANDWRITING. HEED THESE WORDS WELL·· IN THEM LIES YOUR VERY DESTINY··· AND NOW— OUR FIRST FORTUNE GOES TO C.A.
C.A.

TICK — THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY HERE··· IF YOU LOOK HARD, YOU WILL SEE BENEATH THAT FAKE MOUSTACHE AND BEARD — THE FACE OF "CHOP" QUIDERIO

AND NOW··· THE FUTURE IS REVEALED TO Q·Z·V·

DAT'S ME··· TANKS

YUP — THAT'S "CHOP QUIDERIO ALRIGHT··· BUT SMUGGLIN' IS HIS RACKET··· NOT FORTUNE TELLING!?

I DUNNO, DAN— I DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT LAST GUY, WHO GOT HIS FUTURE TOLD·· HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THE TYPE WHO BELIEVES IN FORTUNES
HUH!

SAAAY — WHAT WERE THE INITIALS THAT GUY HANDED IN? D'YA REMEMBER?
LEMME SEE·· OH YES — Q·Z·V·
3

Q·Z·V· HMMmm
Q·Z·V· WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THESE STRANGE INITIALS?··· WHAT IS "CHOP" QUIDERIO, NOTORIOUS UNDERWORLD CHARACTOR · DOING IN THE STRANGE ROLE OF FORTUNE TELLER
?

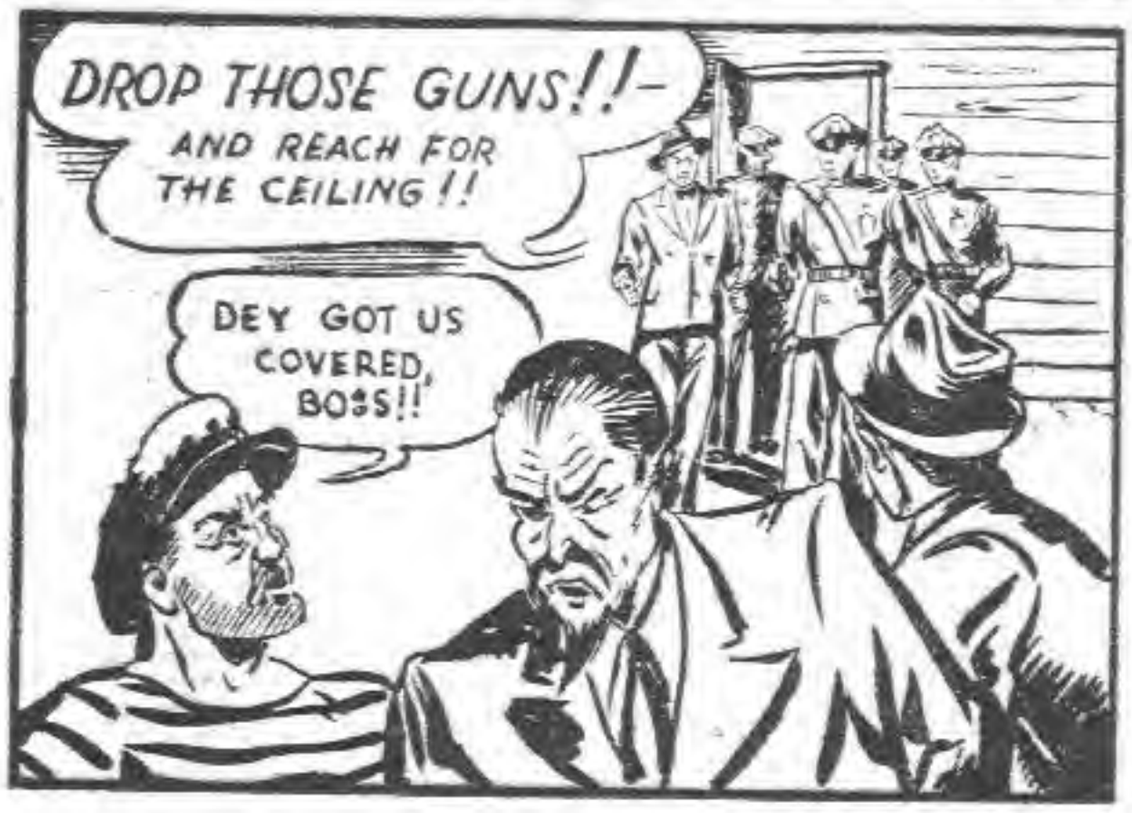
THE NEXT DAY DAN DECIDES TO VISIT THE FORTUNE TELLER AND USE THE INITIALS Q·Z·V· HOPING THAT THE FORTUNE HE RECEIVES WILL GIVE HIM A CLUE TO THE OPERATIONS OF THE DOPE RING
• • • AND NOW, ALLAH REVEALS THE FUTURE TO THE PERSON — WITH THE INITIALS — Q·Z·V·
Q·Z·V·— — THAT'S ME — THANK YOU.
Q.Z.V. destined to be a success in your work. All your devoted to the things you Meet tonite in the old shack — at Pier 17 — — at 11:30 P.M. — and you will be very make many friends every effort
TICK!! — I'VE LOCATED THE SMUGGLERS' HIDE-OUT — — GOT ALL THE INFORMATION IN THIS FORTUNE!!
— HUH?! — GOSH — THAT MEANS WE SEE PLENTY OF ACTION TONITE!!
WHAT TIME DO WE START?
SORRY, TICK — BUT THE SUCCESS OF MY PLAN DEPENDS ON MY MAKING THEM THINK THAT I'M A MEMBER OF THEIR GANG — SO I'VE GOT TO GO ALONE • • •
GREATLY DISAPPOINTED IN NOT BEING ABLE TO GO WITH DAN — TICK DECIDES, HOWEVER THAT HE MUST TAKE SOME ACTION. FEARING FOR HIS PARTNER'S SAFETY, HE PHONES THE POLICE!
— — AND MEET ME AT PIER 17 — WITH A SQUAD OF MEN • • 11:30 — TONITE!!
11:30 • • DAN DENNIS ARRIVES AT PIER 17!
WHEN ASKED FOR HIS IDENTIFICATION, DAN THINKS DESPERATELY — THEN SUDDENLY ANSWERS ——— •

OUT OF THE SHADOWS - A MENACING FORM EMERGES -ACHMET- A HUGE GIANT, READY TO OBEY HIS MASTER'S EVERY WISH·· AS HE ADVANCES SLOWLY TO TEAR DAN TO BITS··

SPEEDING ON TO DAN'S RESCUE— TICK TURNS ONTO PIER 17— AND HEADS FOR THE OLD SHACK·

WILL TICK REACH DAN, IN TIME

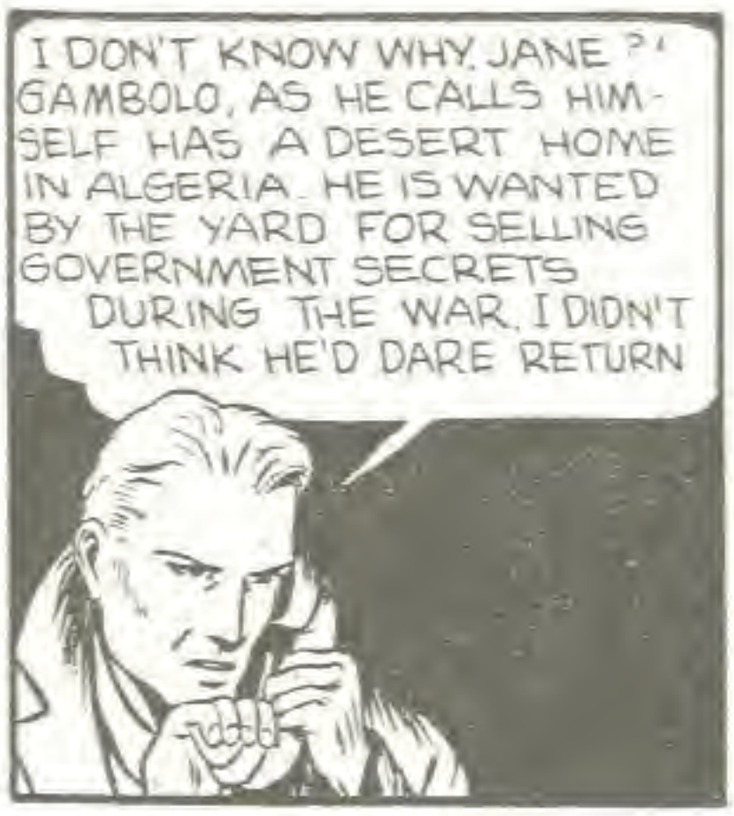
?



CRANE of Scotland Yard

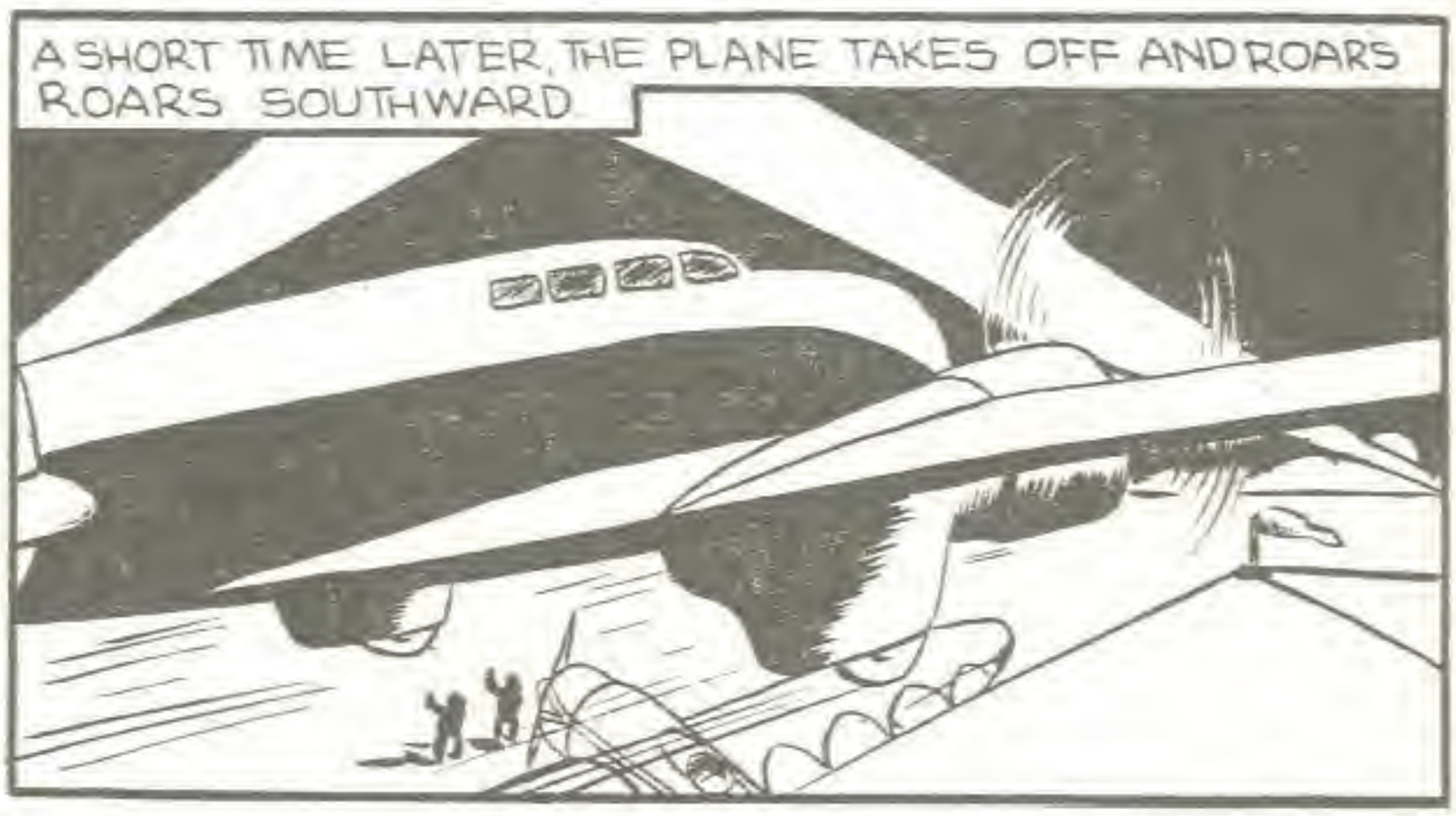
by Paul Gustavson

ALGERIA — THEN THEY MUST HAVE GONE BY PLANE!
BUT WHY ALGERIA? WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KIDNAP DAD?


I DON'T KNOW WHY, JANE?' GAMBOLO, AS HE CALLS HIMSELF HAS A DESERT HOME IN ALGERIA. HE IS WANTED BY THE YARD FOR SELLING GOVERNMENT SECRETS DURING THE WAR. I DIDN'T THINK HE'D DARE RETURN

THEY'VE LEFT ALREADY — NOT LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO! ROGERS, TAKE CARE OF JANE — I'M GOING AFTER THEM.
I'M GOING WITH YOU!

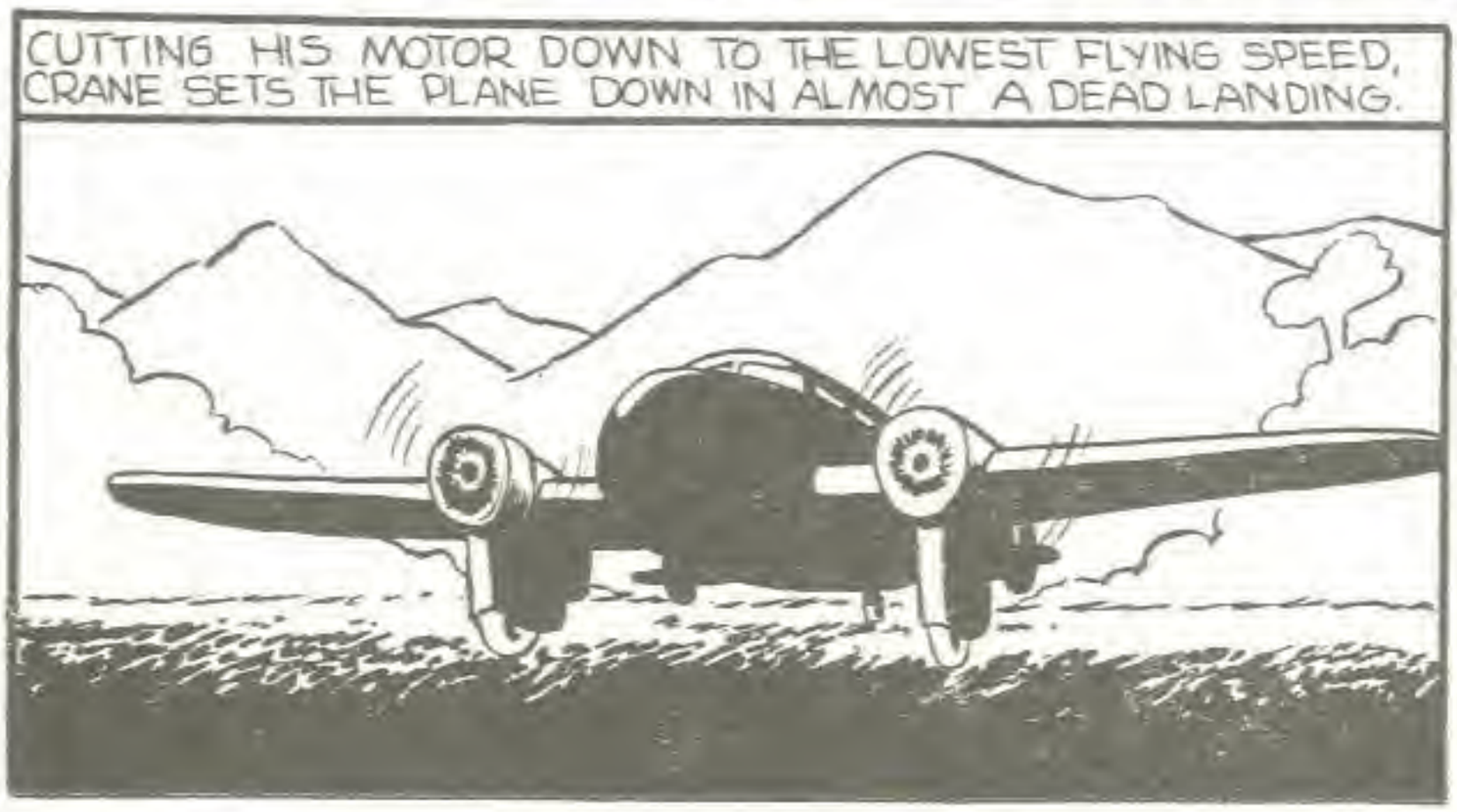
ALL RIGHT, THEN — COME ALONG! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG TOO, ROGERS, AND SEE THAT JANE REMAINS IN THE PLANE AFTER WE LAND!
VERY WELL, SIR!


A SHORT TIME LATER, THE PLANE TAKES OFF AND ROARS ROARS SOUTHWARD

THIS IS ABOUT WHERE HIS HOME IS — — WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A LANDING PLACE SOMEWHERE NEAR THERE

HOURS PASS BY AND SUDDENLY JANE CALLS TO LESLEY.
LES' — ISN'T THAT A HOUSE DOWN THERE?

THAT MUST BE IT — FASTEN YOUR SAFTY BELTS! I'LL HAVE TO LAND IN THAT LEVEL SPOT NEAR-BY AND IT MAY BE A BIT BUMPY.


CUTTING HIS MOTOR DOWN TO THE LOWEST FLYING SPEED, CRANE SETS THE PLANE DOWN IN ALMOST A DEAD LANDING.

ROGERS — SEE THAT JANE STAYS HERE UNTIL I GET BACK
OH-ALRIGHT, I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE!

ALRIGHT, GAMBOLO —UNTIE LORD AUSTIN OR YOUR FRIEND WILL GET THE SAME THING

AS SOON AS GAMBOLO HAS AUSTIN UNTIED, HE PUSHES HIM OUT TOWARD THE BEAST.

AGAIN THE LION LEAVES HIS PREY AND CHARGES — — —

—BUT CRANE'S REVOLVER STOPS HIM DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.

WHILE CRANE IS ATTRACTED BY THE DANGER OF LORD AUSTIN, GAMBOLO SEES HIS CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

INSTANTLY CRANE SENDS A CRASHING BLOW AT HIS CAPTIVE—
THIS'LL HOLD YOU UNTIL I GET BACK

—AND DIVES AT GAMBOLO.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS AND I DON'T CARE NOW! IF THAT LION WERE ALIVE NOW, I'D FEED YOU TO HIM AND GIVE YOU A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

IF YOU WANT MORE, JUST SAY SO — I'VE PLENTY MORE IN STORE FOR GUYS LIKE YOU!
I-I'VE HAD ENOUGH!!

CRANE, YOU NOT ONLY SAVED MY LIFE, BUT THE PLANS TO THE NEW SUBMARINE. THEY'RE DRAWN ON THESE PAPERS IN INVISIBLE INK THAT WILL APPEAR WITHIN TWENTY FOUR HOURS AFTER BEING DRAWN. SEE—THE LINES ARE STARTING TO COME OUT ALREADY — YOU CAME JUST IN TIME!!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE SAFE, DAD, AND THIS IS ALL OVER. CAN WE GO HOME NOW, LES?!
I'LL HAVE TO GET PERMISSION FROM THE AUTHORITIES TO TAKE THESE TWO BACK TO ENGLAND FIRST IF I'M NOT WRONG, THAT WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES
TIEING UP THEIR CAPTIVES, CRANE AND AUSTIN RETURN TO THE PLANE.

A SHORT TIME AFTER CRANE RECIEVES PERMISSION TO TAKE THE KIDNAPPERS BACK TO ENGLAND, HE HEADS HIS PLANE NORTHWARD AND ROARS INTO THE SKY FOR HOME.
ANOTHER COMPLETE EPOSIDE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

Dan Dix

SHIP'S DETECTIVE

GEO. BROUGH

AS THE FIRST RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN BRIGHTEN THE SKY A LUXURY LINER BECOMES VISIBLE.... IT IS THE S.S. PUERTO RICO.... HAVING LEFT SOUTH AMERICA IT IS HEADED FOR JACKSONVILLE..

WE FIND DAN DIX IN HIS STATEROOM

QUITE A PASSENGER LIST THIS TRIP.... NOW, LET'S SEE....ONLY ONE NEEDS A LITTLE WATCHING— THE FELLOW WITH BIG FEET IN B-2....

THIS FELLOWS WAYS AND LOOKS TALLY WITH WHAT CUSTOMS INSPECTOR THOMAS HAS CABLED ME.. I GUESS I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK BUT WILL SOON FIND OUT!

STATEROOM B-2

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF WATCHING DAN DIX IS CONVINCED HIS SUSPICIONS OF THE PASSENGER IN B-2 SHOULD BE CHECKED FURTHER.....

SHORTLY AFTER DAN PLANTS THE "MIKE" THE OCCUPANTS OF B-2 ENTER THEIR ROOM—DAN HAS A DICTOPHONE READY TO RECORD THEIR CONVERSATION!

NOW LOOK, BE CAREFUL ABOUT HOW YOU ACT BECAUSE IF ANYONE GETS WISE ABOUT US BEING....

HEY! WHAT'S THIS WIRE?

LOOK UNDER THIS BED— SURE ENOUGH! IT'S AN "EAR"!!

DAN RACES TO THEIR STATEROOM TO MAKE THE ARREST BEFORE THE OCCUPANTS CAN MAKE A MOVE TO GET AWAY....

THE COUPLE CLEAR OUT OF THEIR CABIN AND MAKE FOR THE HOLD OF THE SHIP— DAN CAN'T FIND THEM—!

NOW LISTEN, AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK WE'RE GOING TO THE RADIO ROOM.... WE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE BOYS AT MIAMI AND HAVE THEM COME OUT TO GET US IN A MOTOR BOAT!

HANDLE WITH CARE

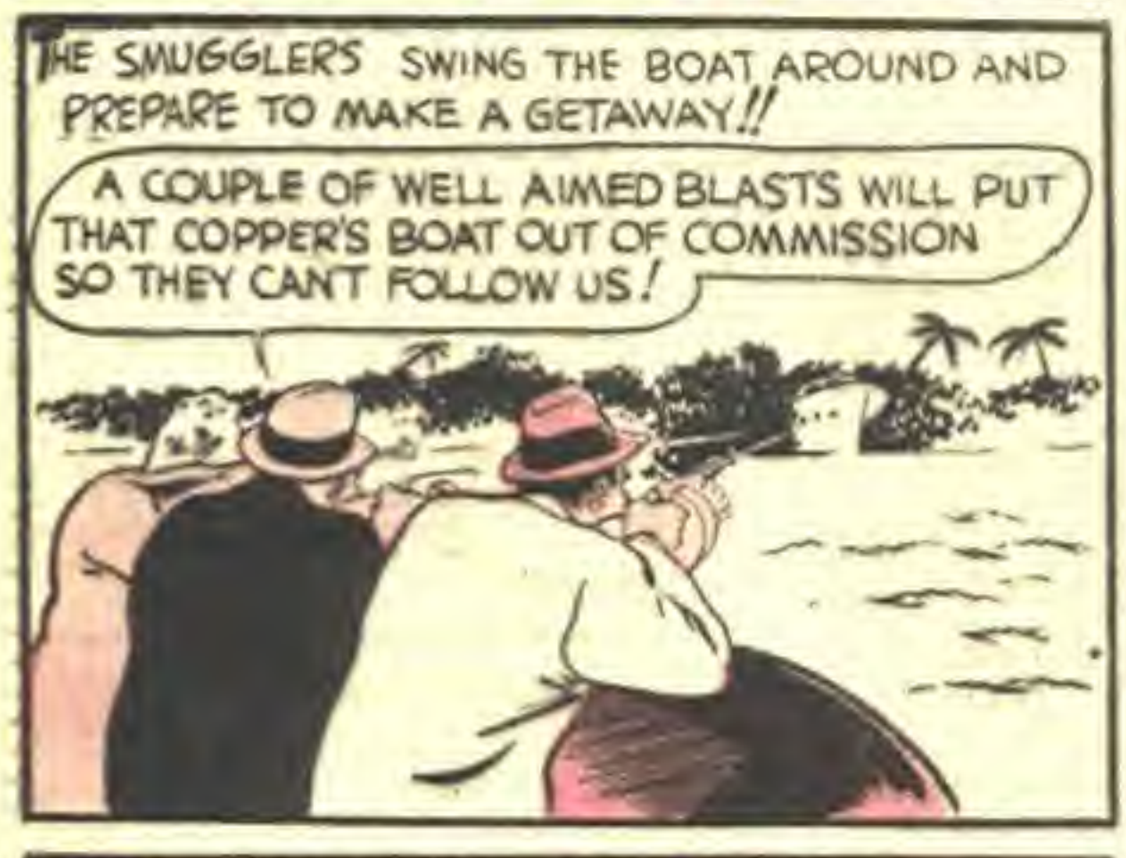
GLASS

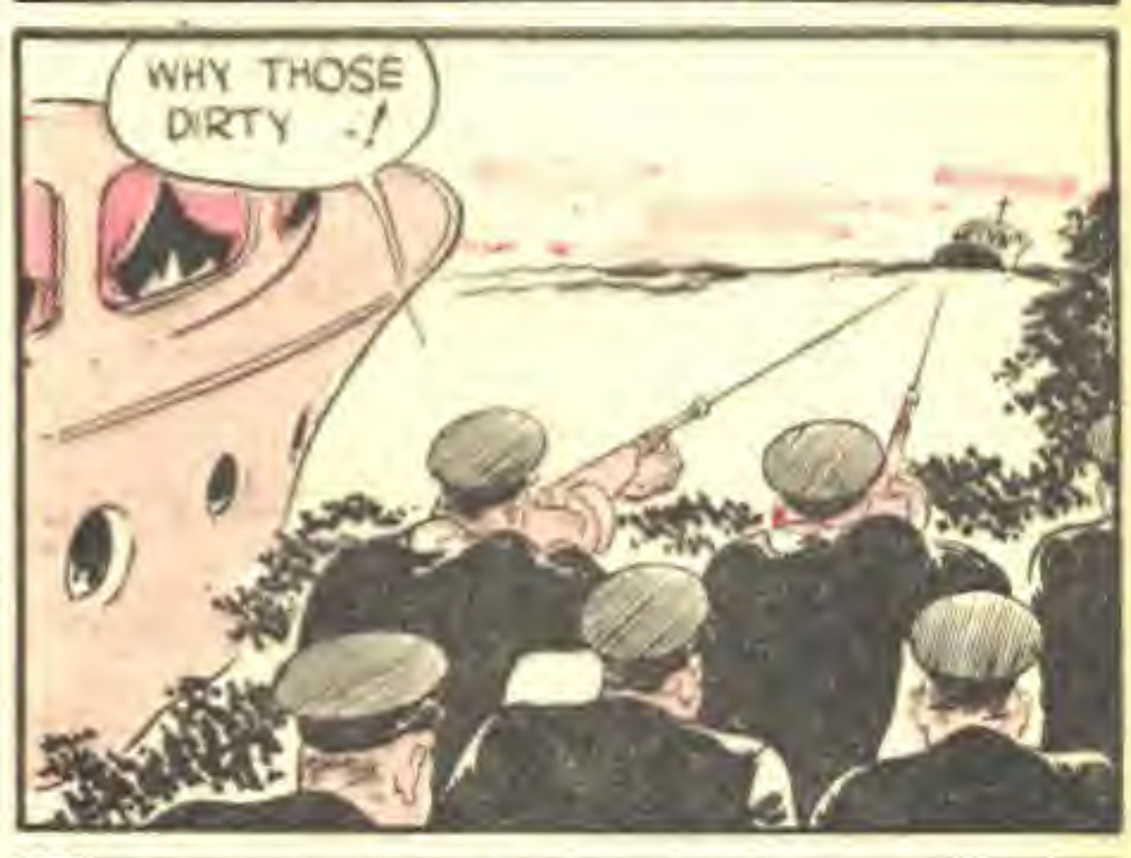
THAT NIGHT THEY GET THE SHIP'S POSITION FROM THE RADIO OPERATOR.....
WHERE ARE WE ON THIS MAP?
RIGHT HERE MADAM
I WANT TO SEND A RADIOGRAM..!

THEY BIND THE WIRELESS OPERATOR AND SEND OUT THEIR OWN MESSAGE ON ANOTHER WAVE IN CODE..!

A HAM RADIO OPERATOR AT TAMPA HAPPENS TO BE ON THE SAME WAVE LENGTH, PICKS UP THE MESSAGE AND DECODES IT—THEN EXCITEDLY CALLS UP THE MIAMI POLICE!
HEY, CHIEF HERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO SEE!

THE POLICE DECIDE TO WAIT FOR THE SMUGGLERS' BOAT... DAWN IS AT HAND—THE SMUGGLERS' BOAT APPROACHES SHORE!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHATS THAT BOAT DOING THERE?
LOOKS LIKE A POLICE BOAT! IT'S A GOOD THING IT'S GETTING LIGHT— WE MIGHT HAVE OVERLOOKED IT!


THE SMUGGLERS SWING THE BOAT AROUND AND PREPARE TO MAKE A GETAWAY!!
A COUPLE OF WELL AIMED BLASTS WILL PUT THAT COPPER'S BOAT OUT OF COMMISSION SO THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US!

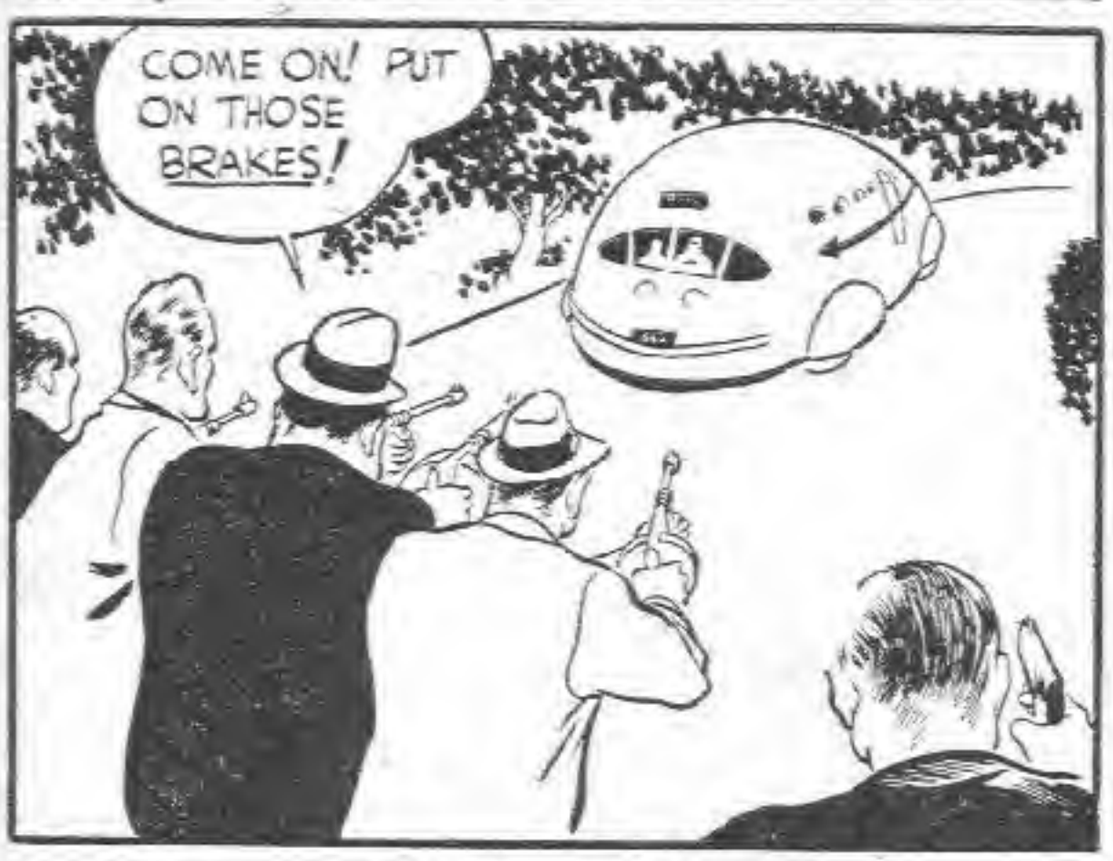

WHY THOSE DIRTY ..!

THE SMUGGLERS MAKE THEIR GETAWAY BUT FIND THAT THEIR BOAT IS SHIPPING WATER AS A RESULT OF THE POLICE BULLETS HITTING BELOW THE WATER LINE.....!
WE'RE SHIPPING WATER TOO FAST FOR SPEED....WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR SHORE!

THE SMUGGLERS LAND AND PROCEED INTO THE EVERGLADES WHERE THEY FEEL THEY WILL BE SAFE...

THERE'S A HIGHWAY AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE..... WE OUGHTA BE ABLE TO GET A CAR GOING NORTH.....

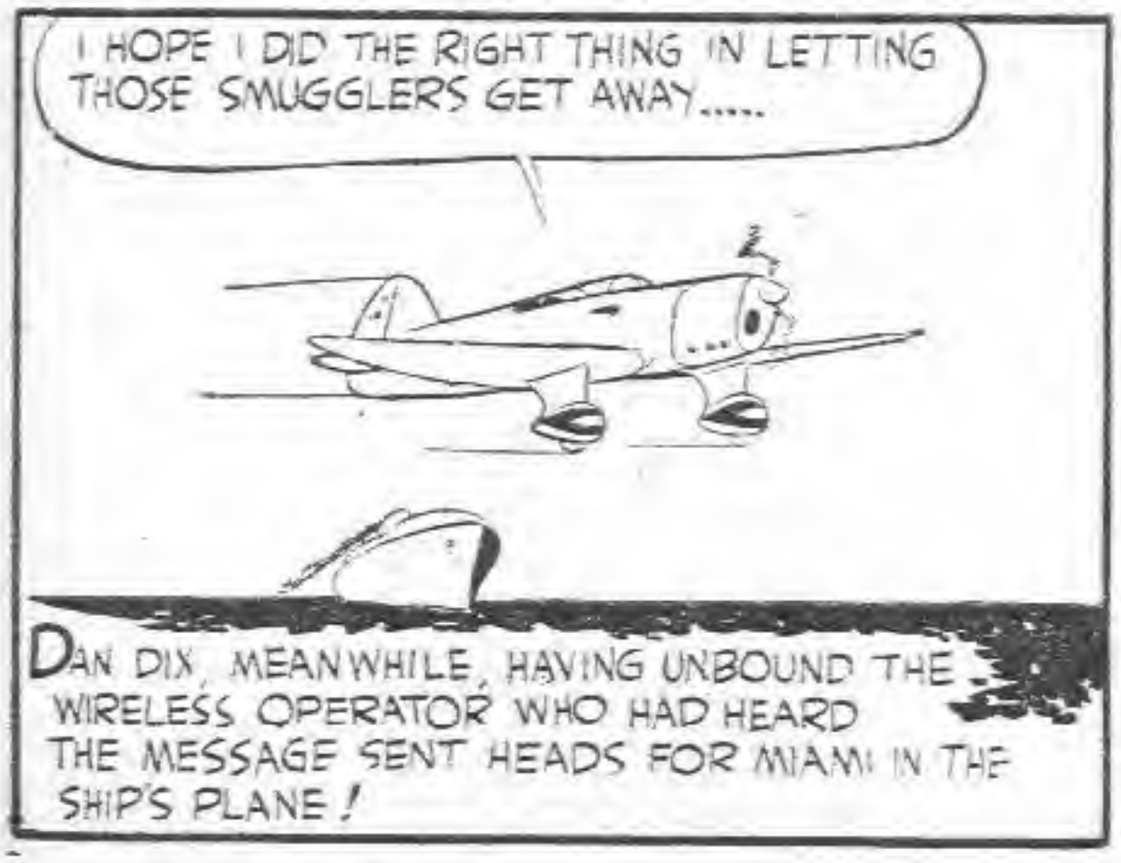
HERE IT IS! WE'RE IN LUCK!
WAIT! I THINK I SEE A BUS COMING!

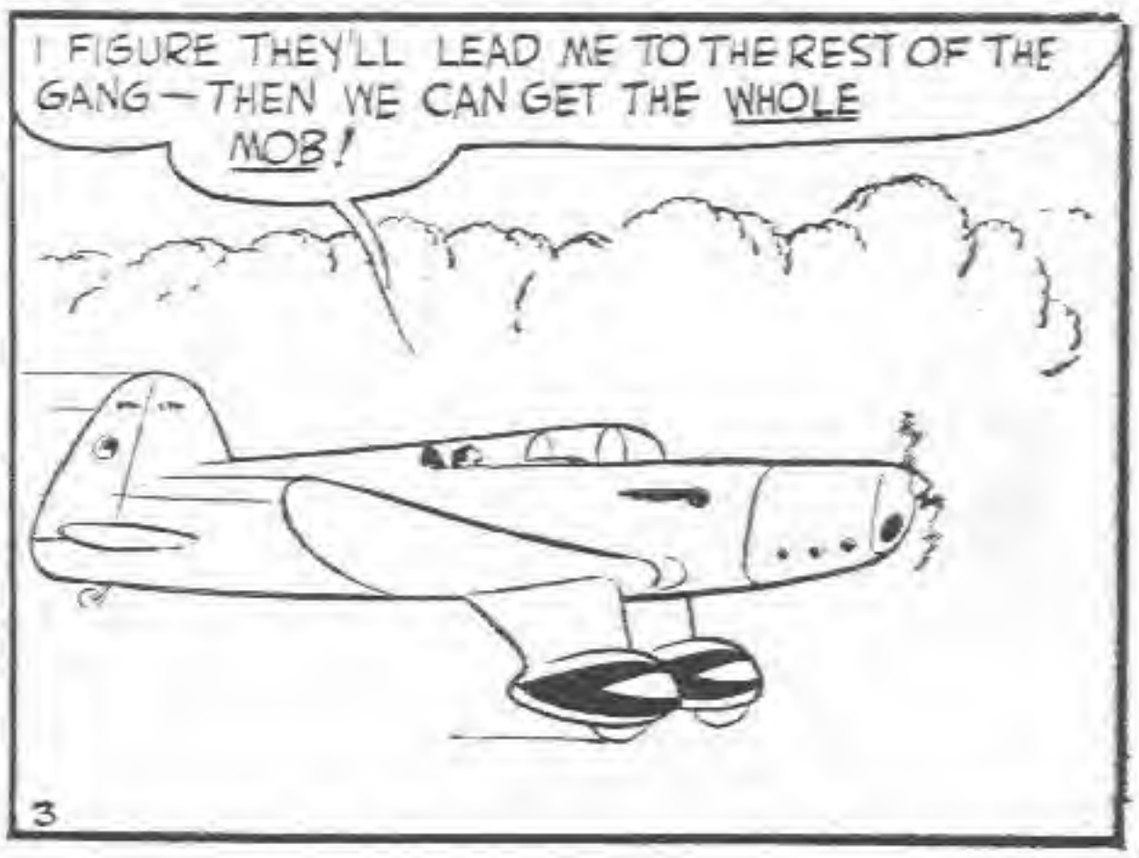

COME ON! PUT ON THOSE BRAKES!

C'MON EVERYBODY, GET OUT!
TAMPA
639

SORRY FOLKS—WE DON'T LIKE YER COMPANY...
YEAH, LET'S GO!

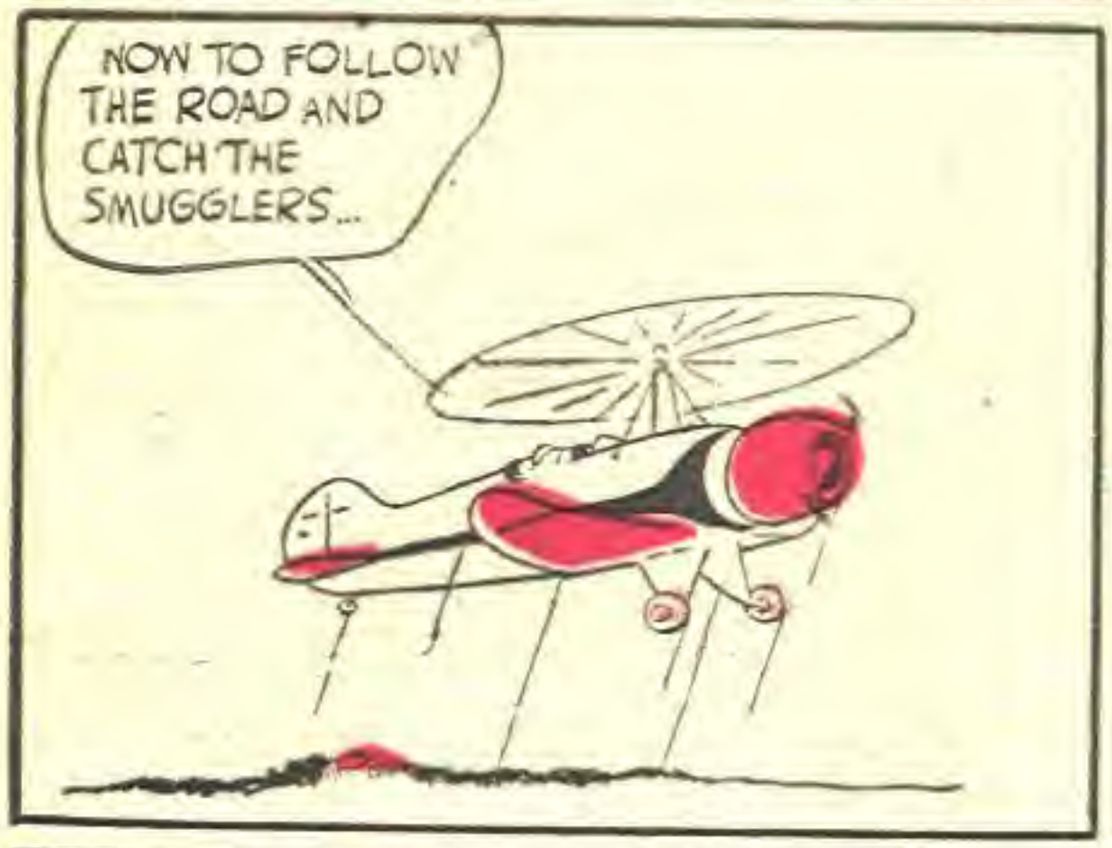
C'MON JAKE-STEP ON IT!
I GOT 'ER DOWN TO THE FLOORBOARD NOW, MIKE!
WITH THE BUS ALL TO THEMSELVES THE SMUGGLERS HEAD FOR TAMPA.....

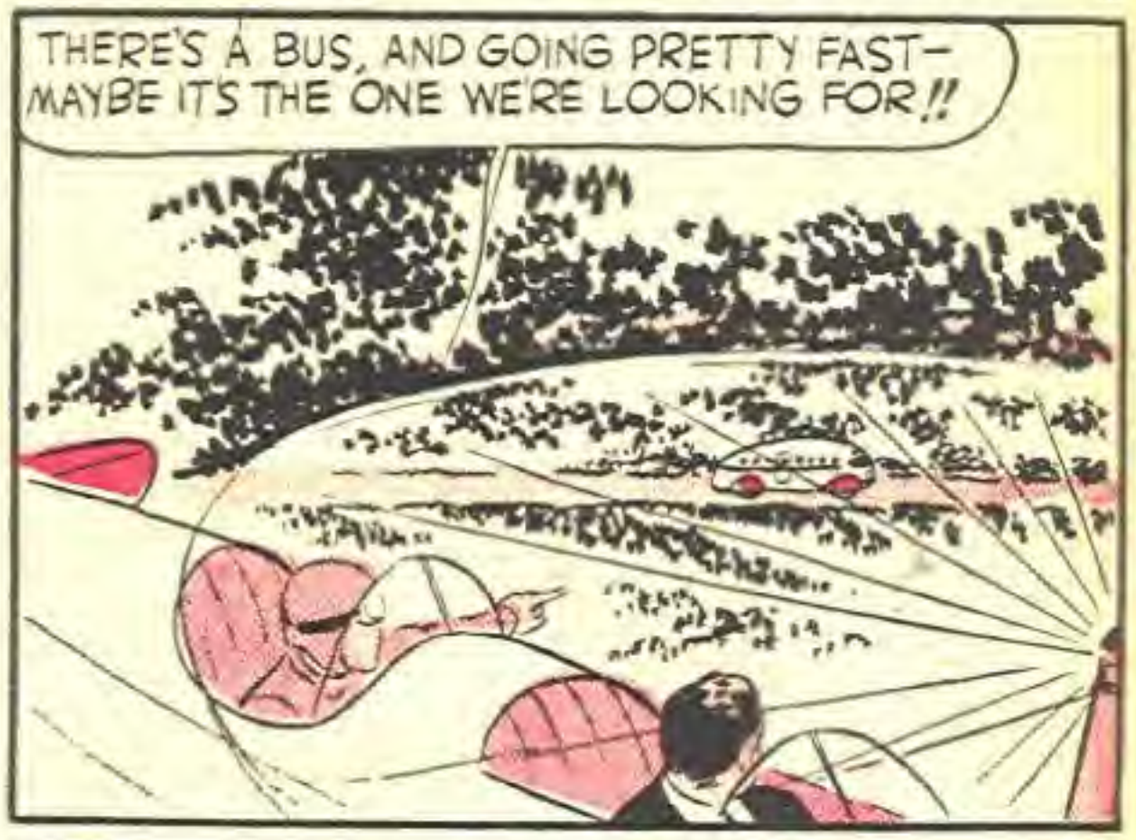

I HOPE I DID THE RIGHT THING IN LETTING THOSE SMUGGLERS GET AWAY.....
DAN DIX, MEANWHILE, HAVING UNBOUND THE WIRELESS OPERATOR WHO HAD HEARD THE MESSAGE SENT HEADS FOR MIAMI IN THE SHIP'S PLANE!


I FIGURE THEY'LL LEAD ME TO THE REST OF THE GANG—THEN WE CAN GET THE WHOLE MOB!

WELL, HERE'S MIAMI AIRPORT!

YER JUST IN TIME, DAN – I'M SENDING OFFICER KELLY AFTER THE SMUGGLERS IN AN AUTO-GYRO... WE JUST GOT A PHONE CALL FROM A BUS DRIVER WHO SAYS THE SMUGGLERS STOLE HIS BUS AND ARE HEADING NORTH!
OKAY, CHIEF – I'M READY!

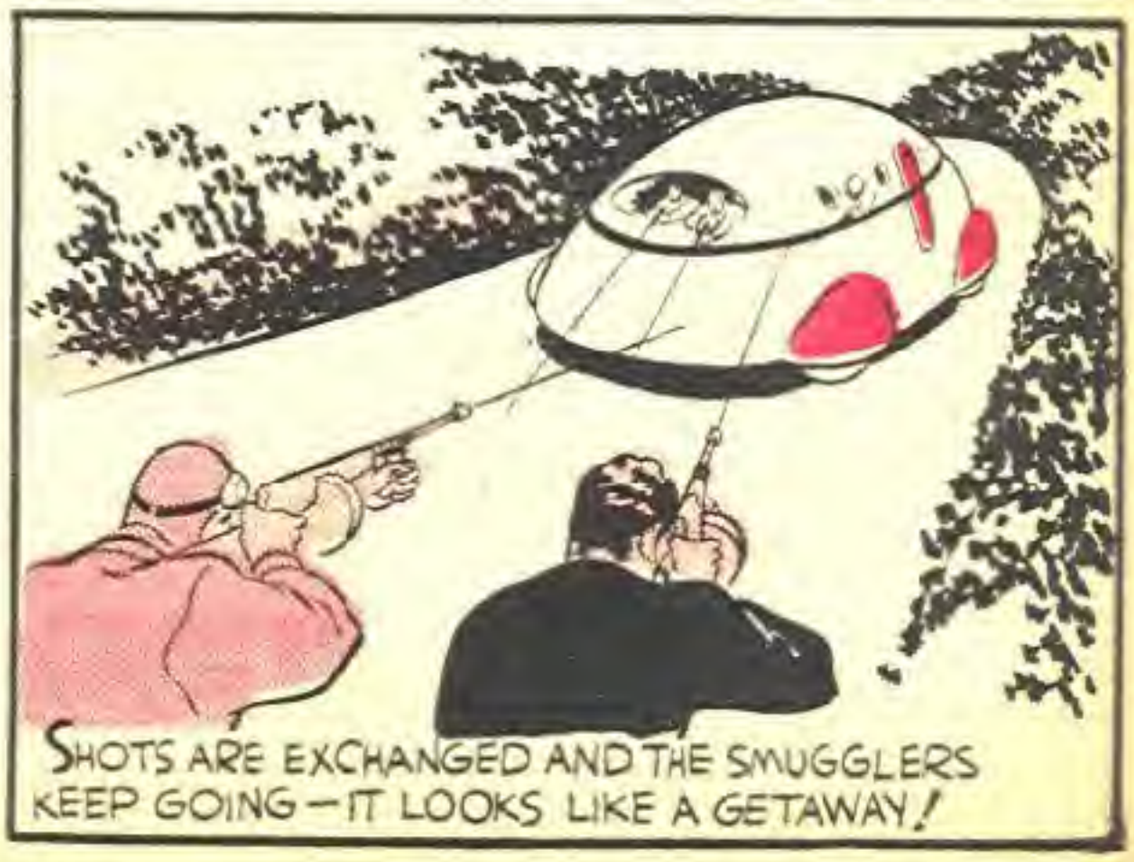

NOW TO FOLLOW THE ROAD AND CATCH THE SMUGGLERS...


THERE'S A BUS, AND GOING PRETTY FAST – MAYBE IT'S THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!!

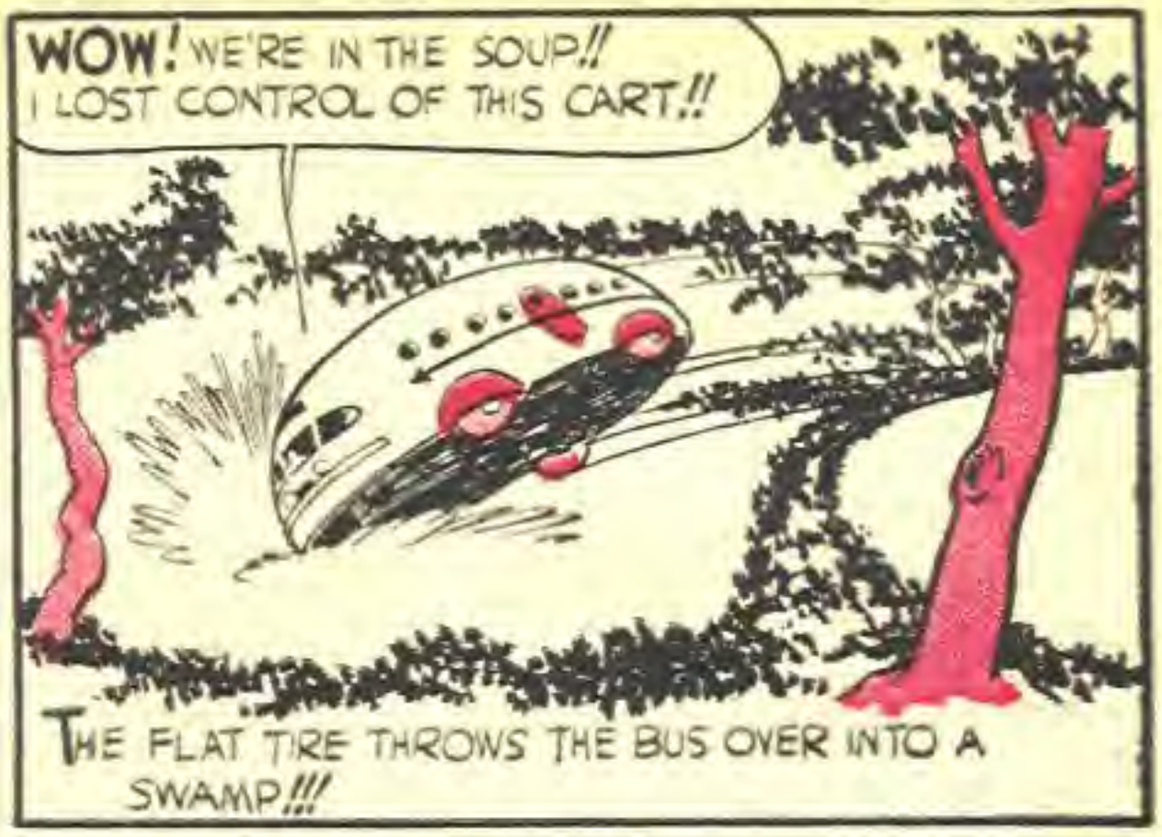
LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
HE FLYS AHEAD, LANDS, AND PREPARES TO AMBUSH THE "SMUGGLERS"!

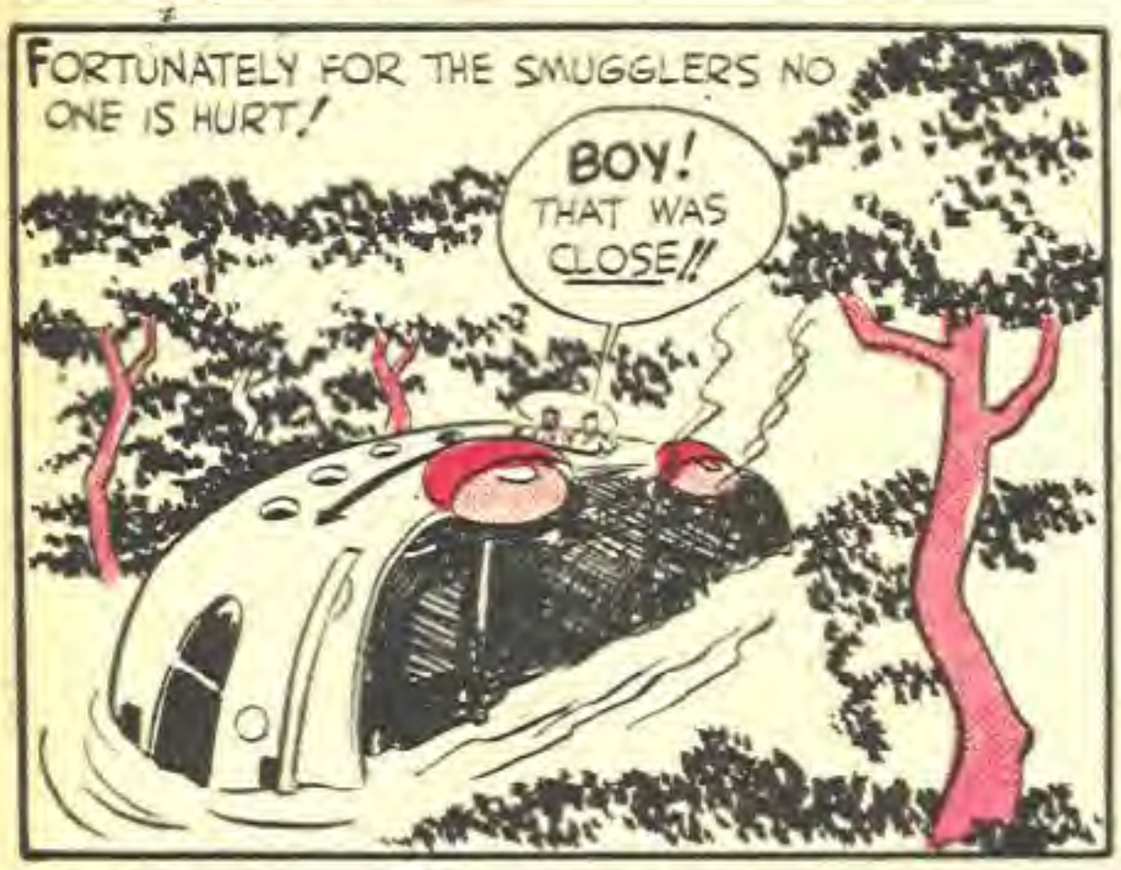
YEP, THAT'S THEM – SEE THE LICENSE?
AS THE SMUGGLERS ROUND THE BEND, DAN AND THE POLICE OFFICER START PUMPING LEAD!!

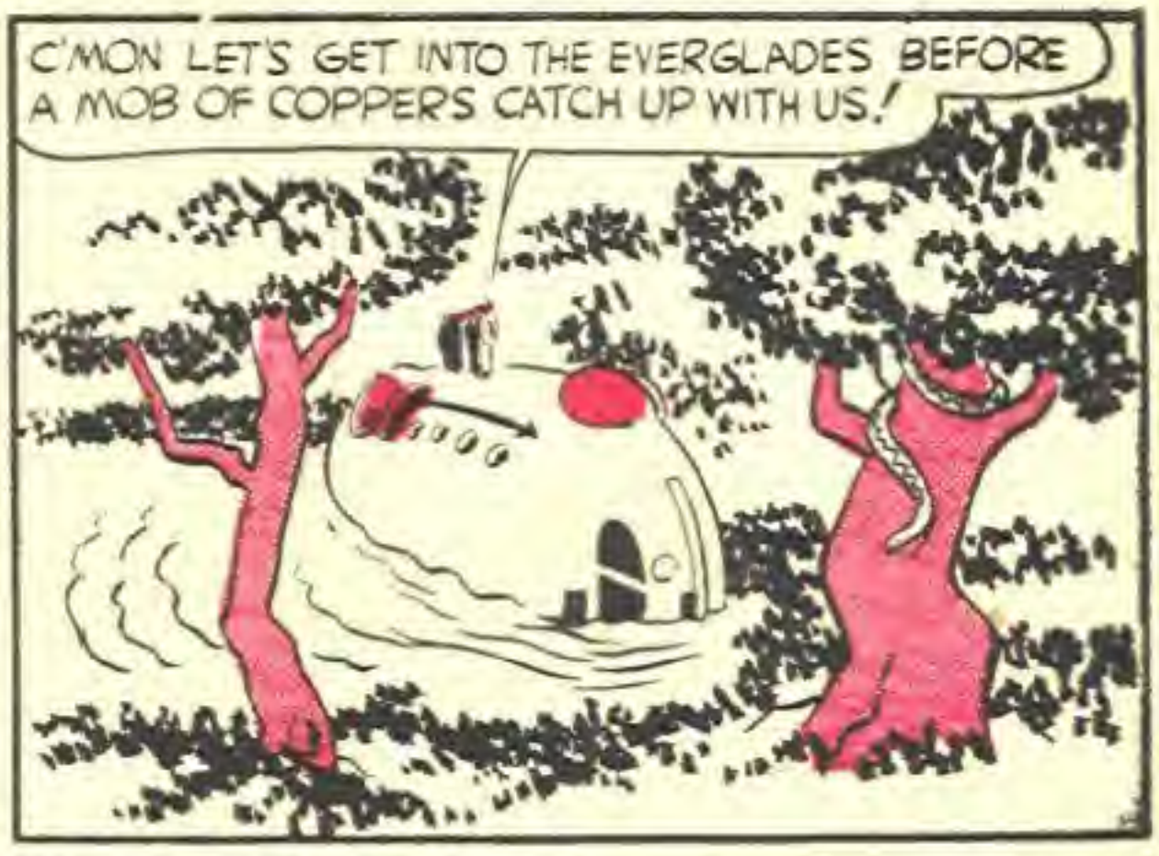
HEY! IT'S A COUPLE OF COPPERS! GET OUT THOSE TOMMY RODS!


SHOTS ARE EXCHANGED AND THE SMUGGLERS KEEP GOING – IT LOOKS LIKE A GETAWAY!

NO! IT ISN'T!! DAN HITS ONE OF THE REAR TIRES JUST AS THE BUS STARTS TO ROUND A BEND!!!


WOW! WE'RE IN THE SOUP!! I LOST CONTROL OF THIS CART!!
THE FLAT TIRE THROWS THE BUS OVER INTO A SWAMP!!!

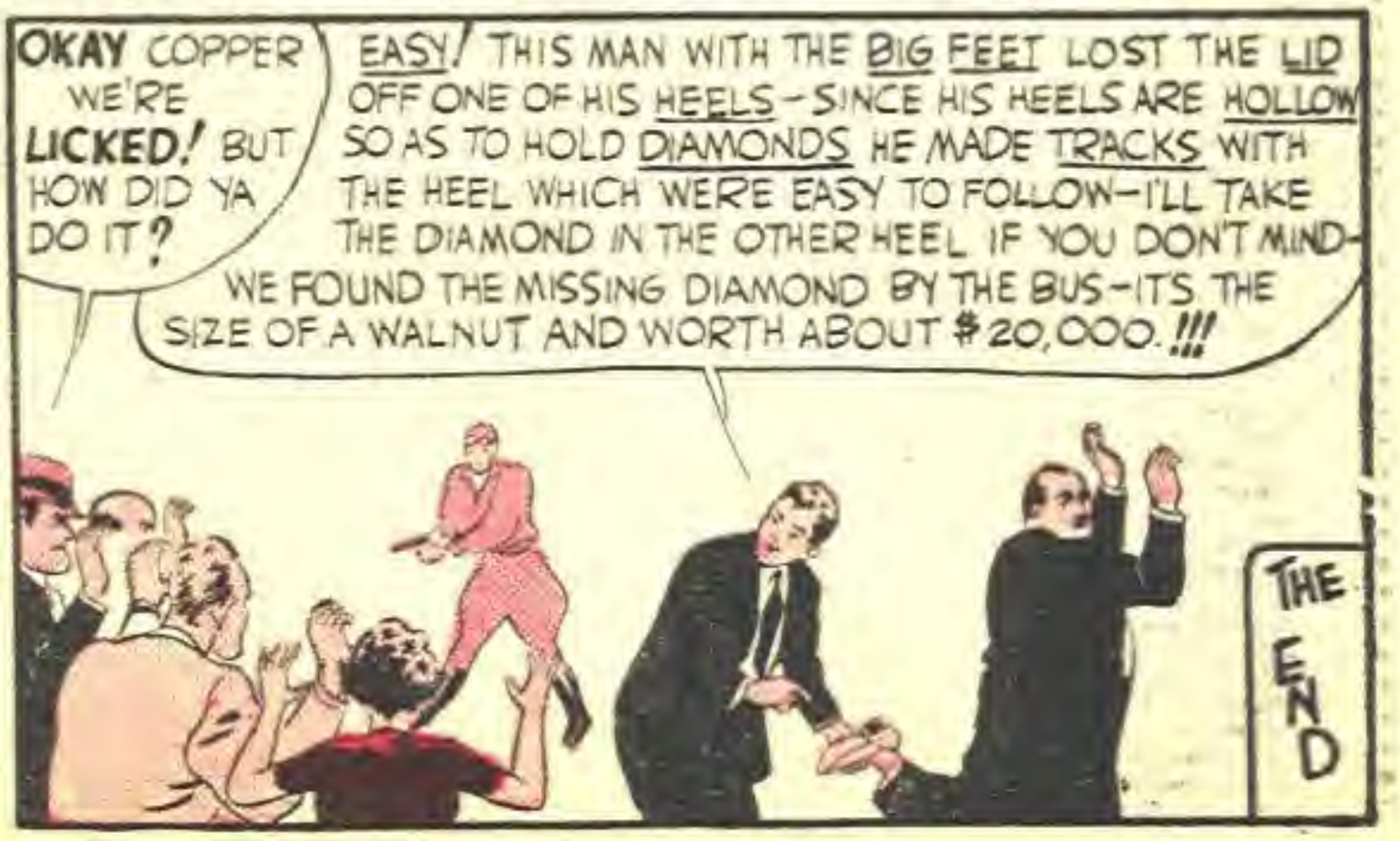

FORTUNATELY FOR THE SMUGGLERS NO ONE IS HURT!
BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!!


C'MON LET'S GET INTO THE EVERGLADES BEFORE A MOB OF COPPERS CATCH UP WITH US!

SAY, IF THOSE COPS CATCH US IT'LL BE A MIRACLE — THIS JUNGLE IS PLENTY DENSE!
YEAH! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US!

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF TRAMPING IN THE WILDERNESS THE GANG DECIDES TO REST IN A GOOD SPOT.....
THIS CLEARING IS JUST THE PLACE FOR A CAMP...
NOBODY WILL FIND US HERE!

SUDDENLY INTO THE CLEARING BURST DAN AND THE POLICE OFFICER!!!
OKAY MUGGS- STICK 'EM UP!!
HEY!! WHAT THE...?!


OKAY COPPER WE'RE LICKED! BUT HOW DID YA DO IT?
EASY! THIS MAN WITH THE BIG FEET LOST THE LID OFF ONE OF HIS HEELS - SINCE HIS HEELS ARE HOLLOW SO AS TO HOLD DIAMONDS HE MADE TRACKS WITH THE HEEL WHICH WERE EASY TO FOLLOW - I'LL TAKE THE DIAMOND IN THE OTHER HEEL IF YOU DON'T MIND - WE FOUND THE MISSING DIAMOND BY THE BUS - IT'S THE SIZE OF A WALNUT AND WORTH ABOUT $20,000.!!!
THE END

SHARK

BY

NORMAN DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED GUARDINEER

NEVER SAW THEM SO FAT !
IF THIS KEEPS ON WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES.

THEY'RE GOING TO HAIL US. WONDER WHAT THEY WANT ?
IT'S A CINCH THEY'RE IN NO TROUBLE, MAN WHAT A SWELL BOAT !

WHY MUST THEY COME TO-DAY ? THE FOOLS !
BAH ! THERE ARE ONLY TWO MEN. WE CAN DISPOSE OF THEM.

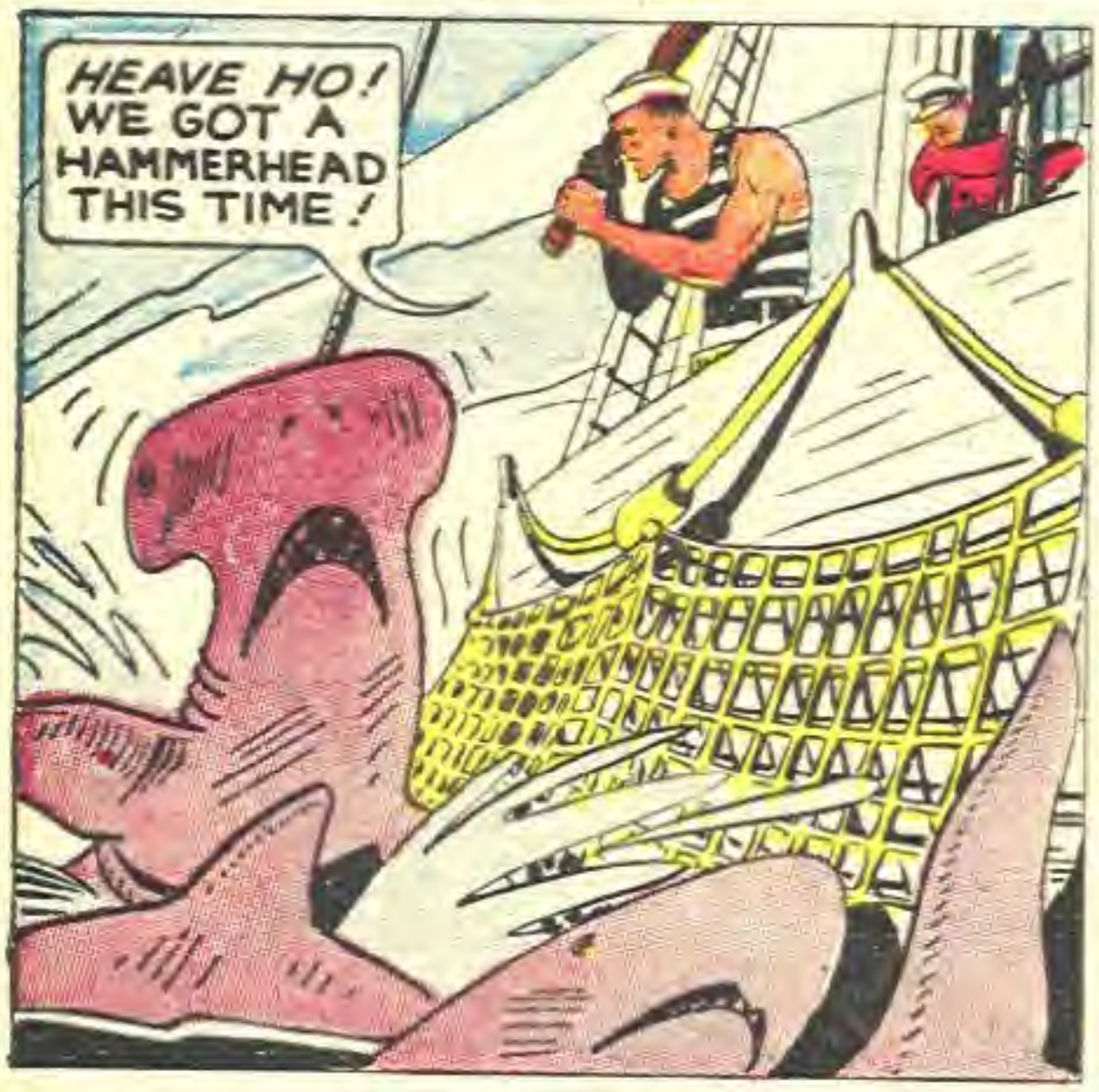
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THEM.
AW, ANYBODY WITH A SHIP LIKE THAT MUST BE OKAY !

YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH OUR FISHING WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY —
GO AWAY, MY EYE THIS IS OUR BREAD AND BUTTER !

YOU WILL BE SORRY IF YOU DO NOT LEAVE !
YOU CAN'T BOSS ME. GET OFF THIS SHIP OR I'LL THROW YOU OFF !

NEXT TIME I'LL BUST YOU ON THE NOSE!
OVER YOU GO AND DON'T COME BACK. WE'RE STAYING!

I WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? THEY MEANT BUSINESS.
THEM RICH GUYS GIVE ME A PAIN!


HEAVE HO! WE GOT A HAMMERHEAD THIS TIME!

ON BOARD THE YACHT
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THEY SURE DO MEAN BUSINESS!
WE SHOULD HAVE BUSTED THEIR NECKS!

WISELY DAVE AND SHORTY PUT AWAY FROM THE DEADLY GUN.
WE CAN'T FIGHT A GUN LIKE THAT—WEIGH ANCHOR, SHORTY.
IF WE ONLY HAD A ONE POUNDER, I'D SHOW THEM GUYS!

WE'LL USE THE DORY AND MUFFLE THE OARS.
TALK ABOUT SHARKS THERE'S HUMAN ONES TOO !

THAT'S A SOUTH AMERICAN FREIGHTER. SHE'S OFF HER COURSE.
PURPOSELY, I'LL BET !

I'M SURE I SAW A BOAT PUT OFF FROM THE FREIGHTER.
I GOT IT ! SMUGGLERS- THAT'S WHAT. LET'S GET 'EM !

WE'RE RIGHT. THERE'S SOMETHING TIED TO THAT BUOY.
AND HERE COMES TROUBLE-THEY'RE LOWERING A BOAT !

IF THEY START SHOOTING, THEN WHAT ?
WE DON'T CARRY GUNS FOR NOTHING!

REACH-AND NO TRICKS !
HAND OVER THAT PACKAGE, MUG !

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE NOSEY ENOUGH TO COME BACK!
THEY'VE GOT US, SHORTY. TAKE IT EASY!
DOPE! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

YOU'RE RIGHT - THE COAST GUARD HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM FOR WEEKS!

FOOLS — TO RETURN!
LET'S GIVE THE SHARKS SOME FUN. DUMP THEM OVER!

I GIVE YOU A CHOICE - THE SHARKS OR A BULLET!

DIVE, SHORTY, THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT!

WOW! THEM SHARKS WERE CLOSE.
HAND ME AN OAR! I'LL DISABLE THE YACHT!

THEY THINK WE'RE DEAD. WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'LL GET!!
YEAH! WAIT'LL THEY START THE ENGINE!

CALLING COAST GUARD-SMUGGLERS STRANDED-COME FULL SPEED!
FEED ME TO THE SHARKS, WILL THEY?

BUT YOU SHOULD BE DEAD, THE SHARKS —
SHARKS ONLY EAT WHEN THEY'RE HUNGRY. THOSE BABIES WERE FULL!
NEVER SAW SHARKS SO FAT!
FRED GUARDINEER

CAPT. STEVE RANSOM.

IN A COMPLETE AIR ADVENTURE

BY HOFFMAN '39

AS THE STORY OPENS CAPT RANSOM AND HIS FRIEND "SLIP" MAGEE, ALONG WITH HIS SISTER SALLY—WHO IS RANSOM'S FIANCÉE—ARE THE GUESTS OF A LARGE MIDWESTERN RADIO STATION—WHERE THEY ARE BEING INTERVIEWED ABOUT THEIR PART IN THE BREAKING UP OF A HUGE AND SINISTER SPY RING—AT THIS TIME "SLIP"—STEVE RANSOM'S MECHANIC AND CLOSEST FRIEND IS AT THE "MIKE".

"RACING AGAINST DOOM!"

FLASH — A LIGHT RAIN HAS STARTED — DISSIPATING THE CLOUD OF GAS THAT WAS MOVING SLOWLY EASTWARD TOWARD THE CITY — MEDICAL SUPPLIES RUNNING LOW — URGENT APPEALS FOR AID BEING BROADCAST
MORE RADIO BULLETINS COME THROUGH AS THEY RUSH ON TO THE SPOT....

"HERE WE ARE!"
RESCUERS WORKING FRANTICALLY SEE CAP. RANSOM ARRIVE WITH HIS PARTY-

SLIP — GO BACK TO THE CAR AND KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE RADIO — SALLY — YOU COME WITH ME
QUICKLY CAPT. RANSOM TAKES IN THE SITUATION, AND ASSIGNS TO SALLY AND SLIP CERTAIN THINGS TO DO-

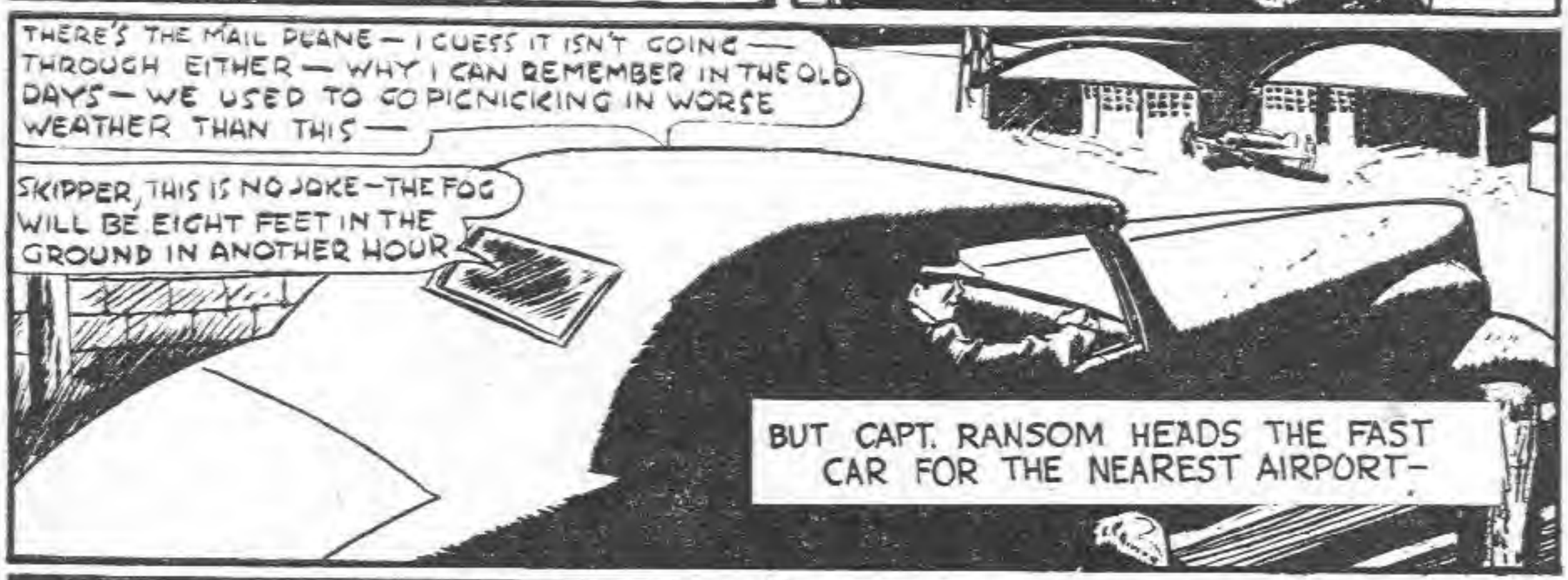
OFFICER—I AM SALLY MAGEE OF THE "NEW YORK DAILY BLADE" CAPTAIN RANSOM AND I WOULD LIKE TO GET TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT
DRAT THIS RAIN AND FOG!—ISN'T THAT THE TRUCK OVER THERE?
THEY LOCATE THE TRUCK AT LAST - AND...

HERE'S ONE OF THE BABIES THAT DONE THE DAMAGE—AND LOOK!—SALLY ONE OF THE STAKES FROM THE TRUCK SAWED HALF IN TWO

WELL—SKIPPER WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?"
—IT WAS NO ACCIDENT I'M SURE OF THAT—NOW LET'S CATCH THE BAD BOY WHO THOUGHT THIS UP!

TRANSAMERICAN AIRLINER BRINGING MEDICAL SUPPLIES — GROUNDED AT — DENVER BECAUSE OF BAD WEATHER — VOLUNTEER PILOT — NEEDED —
SEE, YOU PUT THE TOP UP—SLIP— "LISTEN!"
GOING BACK TO SLIP, THEY GET ANOTHER BROADCAST REPORT

MOVE OVER—SLIP—WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE AIRPORT
OH, NO—STEVE NOT IN THIS WEATHER--


THERE'S THE MAIL PLANE — I GUESS IT ISN'T GOING — THROUGH EITHER — WHY I CAN REMEMBER IN THE OLD DAYS — WE USED TO GO PICNICKING IN WORSE WEATHER THAN THIS —
SKIPPER, THIS IS NO JOKE—THE FOG WILL BE EIGHT FEET IN THE GROUND IN ANOTHER HOUR
BUT CAPT. RANSOM HEADS THE FAST CAR FOR THE NEAREST AIRPORT—

SAY—BUD—HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE MY SHIP ON THE LINE?"—
LISTEN—MISTER YOU DON'T WANT TO GO UP TODAY—IT'S LIKE JUMPING INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR— AND WHISTLING FOR THE JUICE

IT'S THAT DOPEY ANNOUNCER AGAIN—
"OH!—CAPTAIN RANSOM— YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THE MERCY FLIGHT HOW SPLENDID — WOULD YOU CARE TO SAY A FEW WORDS OVER THE AIR — I HAVE A REMOTE CONTROL TRUCK OUTSIDE?"—

SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THAT ANNOUNCER
THERE'S THE LAST OF THE GAS— THE SHIP IS READY TO GO—

TEN AND A HALF HOURS TO MAKE THIS TRIP IN —EH WELL I'LL BE SEE'IN YOU
HAPPY LANDINGS—SKIPPER
CAPT. RANSOM IS OFF ON HIS FAST DASH IN TREACHEROUS WEATHER

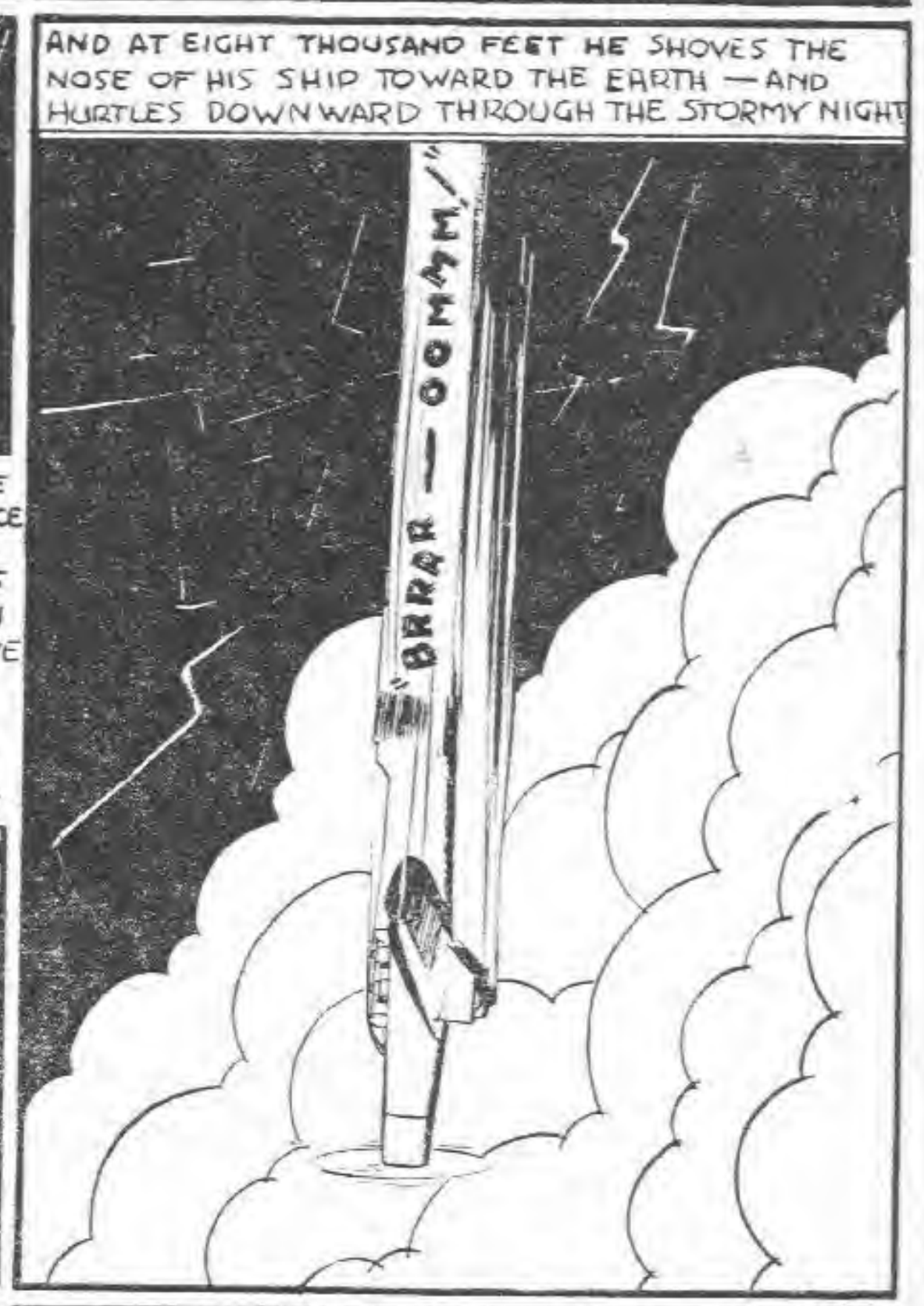
AT THIS TIME WE'LL TAKE UP THE STORY AFTER A LAPSE OF SOME SEVEN AND A HALF HOURS — "RANSOM" HAS REACHED DENVER — AND IS NOW RETURNING WITH THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES — HE IS FIGHTING VICIOUS WEATHER ALL THE WAY — ...

STEVE RANSOM AT THE SAME TIME IS FULLY OCCUP— PIED WITH HIS OWN TROUBLES ---------
CONFOUND THIS STORM— —I'VE LOST THE BEAM

IF I LOSE ANY MORE ALTITUDE I'M WASHED-UP

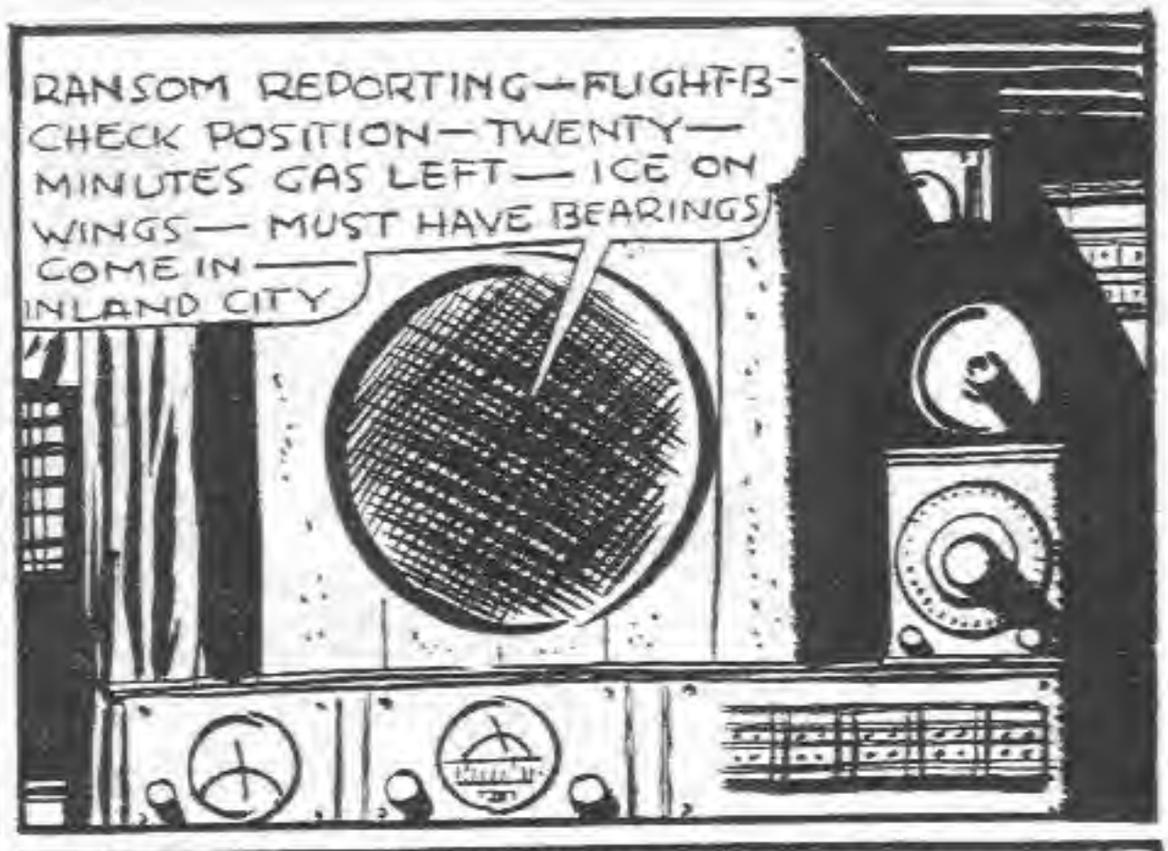
I'LL CLIMB AS FAR AS I CAN — AND THEN I'LL POWER DIVE FOR FLY-ING SPEED, AND MAY-BE I'LL BE O.K.

WHILE BACK AT THE DISPATCHER'S OFFICE —THE SITUATION IS STILL TENSE — AS NOTHING HAS BEEN HEARD FROM STEVE —FOR SEVERAL HOURS — WHEN THE DISPATCHER SPEAKS ———
"WAIT-I HAVE HIM! I'VE PICKED UP A SIGNAL WAVE ON HIS FREQUENCY
WILL EVERY-ONE RAISE THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR — OR "I'LL SHOOT!"
AS THEY LISTEN TO THE RADIO - A SHOUT!


AND AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET HE SHOVES THE NOSE OF HIS SHIP TOWARD THE EARTH — AND HURTLES DOWNWARD THROUGH THE STORMY NIGHT
"BRRAR — OOMMM!"

YES I HAVE A GUN — SO KINDLY GET OVER IN THE CORNER — SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE SNACK.

I'LL PIPE CAPT. RANSOM IN ON THE SPEAKER— AND THEN ALL OF YOU CAN HEAR ME GIVE HIM — HIS DIRECTIONS TO HIS DOOM ——



THE MASKED MAN BENDS DOWN TO— EXAMINE HIS VICTIM —WHEN— SALLY— —SPEAKS PROVING SHE'S SOMEWHAT LESS THAN DEAD

A FIERCE— BATTLE ENSUES

WELL NOW WE CAN TAKE HIS MASK OFF AND HAVE A LOOK—
"LISTEN—ISN'T THAT A PLANE CIRCLING THE FIELD?"
"IT'S STEVE!" I'D KNOW THAT "COFFEE GRINDER" OF HIS ANYWHERE — OPEN THE WINDOW—AND MAKE SURE
THE SOUND OF THE PLANE — SURPRISES EVERYONE — AND THEY LISTEN CAREFULLY WHILE THE SHIP CIRCLES THE FIELD — LANDS — AND SLOWLY APPROACHES THE HANGERS — THE MASKED MAN — LISTENS JUST AS INTENTLY AS THE OTHERS — AND WITH NO — COMMENT — BUT
HE WATCHES THE DISPATCHER CLOSELY AS HE OPENS THE WINDOW —
"GOSH!" "I WONDER HOW HE MADE IT—? I THOUGHT HE WAS WASHOUT—SURE!"
HELLO FOLKS! — WHY THE ROWDY WELCOME?
OH BOY! "AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!"
WHILE EVERYONE IS BUSY WELCOMING STEVE — THE MASKED FIGURE STEALTHILY CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW
HE RUNS TO A SMALL — TRUCK PARKED IN THE SHADOW OF THE HANGER
THE TRUCK CAREENS ACROSS THE FIELD IN A MAD DASH FOR FREEDOM — NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FIELD — SKIDDING RECKLESSLY — IT CRASHES INTO A CLUSTER OF FUEL TANKS — THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION — THE TRUCK IS — DISTROYED
WXLO
"BOOM!"
WASN'T THAT THE TRUCK THE — ANNOUNCER — WAS USING!"
YEP! THAT WAS THE ANNOUNCER — HE JIMMIED THE STEERING GEAR, ON THE WATER — COMPANY'S TRUCK — SO THAT IT WOULD BE WRECKED ON THE ROUGH ROAD ALONG THE RIVER BANK — HE SAWED THE STAKES ON THE TRUCK BODY ALMOST IN TWO SO THAT THE TANKS WOULD BE SURE TO DROP OUT AND BURST — AND I WAS DEPRIVING HIM OF THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING SEVERAL THOUSAND PEOPLE DIE IN AGONY SO HE TRIED TO BUMP ME OFF TOO —
NOW LET'S GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL — IT'S A GOOD THING THAT RAT MISSED ME WHEN HE SHOT OR I'D BE A CUSTOMER FOR THEM
YEH, — SALLY I HEARD YOU YELL WHEN HE TOOK THE SHOT AT YOU — THAT'S WHAT TIPPED ME OFF — I WAS LUCKY AND PICKED UP THE BEAM — AND I CAME IN BLIND

MURDER STORY

Detective story writers should 'live' their plots—and here is a plot that came to life!

A Short Short Story Complete In This Issue

By Lloyd Victor

"WHAT puzzles me is this," said Crothers, "where in the world do you get the ideas for all those stories you write, Sanders?"

There were six or seven men sitting in the library of the World Explorers' Club, discussing many things. Sanders, the well-known and very popular detective thriller writer, had been a brilliant and distinguished guest at dinner. Crothers, the fellow who had asked Sanders the question, was a big brute of a man, who had been in every corner of the world, thoroughly unafraid, and probably a bit cynical about life.

"Where do I get my story material?" answered Sanders. "Why everywhere! In this very room, there are probably dozens of stories."

"You mean right here, in front of us, and we don't even recognize them as stories?" asked Timmons, another explorer

"Yes, Mr. Timmons," explained Sanders. "Aside from the fact that each and everyone of you here, men of action and daring, has a different and complete story within himself, there are combinations of those lives of yours that right now would give me enough plots for hundreds of stories."

"Well", countered Crothers, "all that stuff sounds mighty theoretical to me, Mr. Sanders. Let's have something more . . . more definite, so we can understand what you mean. An example. For instance, take me . . ."

A quiet laugh went up from the group. Perhaps this was going to be interesting. Sanders was a man of great and fast intelligence. He was surrounded with strong men, perhaps a bit dull when it came to juggling plots, ideas, and stories, but not slow when it came to action, and a bit of excitement. .

"That's an idea!" approved Timmons.

"Bit of a guinea pig in you too, eh, Crothers," twitted Dr. Amy.

"A trick, right before our very eyes, gentlemen," said Masters, an archeologist who dabbled in magic and stunts.

In the silence that followed, everyone was at attention, and waiting for Sanders to start.

AS you gentlemen know," began Sanders, "psychologists say that an author must have lived the stories that he writes . . "

"It's about time the D. A. knew about this, Mr. Sanders," mockingly put in Crothers. "Why, you've committed any number of 'murders' already!"

Sanders laughed. His forty or fifty best sellers, each on a different pattern, accounted for a half hundred murders at least!

"What I mean is that you live the emotion," corrected Sanders. "For instance, I have 'murdered'—in my mind only!—practically every person here. It works—"

A ripple of laughter went up from the group. They looked at each other, the towering Crothers, the muscular Timmons, the quick Masters, and the knowing Dr. Amy. It was indeed funny to think that little Sanders could have murdered any one of them!

"Well, I shall demonstrate my point, gentlemen," said Sanders, who seemed to be a little put out from the way the group was taking his expert explanations.

"Mr. Crothers, for instance, has been heckling me all evening," went on Sanders. "I mean, of course that this is fiction, and—it makes story material.

"Mr. Crothers, then, has been challenging my statements, and has been, shall we say, picking a fight. Now, gentlemen, Mr. Crothers is a very large, powerful person, with a

record of courage that we all know about. On the other hand, I am small, physically unprepared, and nobody would expect me to ever be able to face a lion in the desert!"

The group were listening now. The discussion was getting down to cases, with the writer working on the ground, as it were.

"All right, then, Mr. Sanders," said Crothers, "we will say that I didn't like you, and wanted to fight it out. There would have to be a reason, for your plot."

"I am coming to that, Mr. Crothers," replied Sanders. "The reason that you are taking exception to my statement is, shall we say, that I do not believe your last expedition was genuine, and that you never went to the region you said you did, and that, therefore, you are an impostor . . . Of course," hastened to add Sanders as he watched the uneasy Crothers "this is purely imagination on my part, gentlemen, you understand that!

"But to continue. Mr. Crothers and I become more and more excited, until finally, the situation calls for action, and I, realizing that I am the weakest, look for a weapon . . ."

So saying, Sanders raced toward a large display of bows, arrows, and hand knives and swords that someone had brought, years ago, from Africa into the World Explorers' Club, and which eventually had been hung on this wall. Sanders paused a second, and took out a heavy snake wood spear, which he bandied about not too expertly.

Of course, it was strictly against club rules for anyone to disturb property such as this. On the part of a guest, which Sanders was, it was hardly less excusable. Sanders came running toward the group, who was waiting to see what he would do next.

He lunged directly toward Crothers, with the spear. It was all unexpected, incredible, and fast. Sanders tried to spear Crothers, as though he really hated him as much as he said he did! Crothers easily brushed the Zulu spear away, and several of the members grabbed Sanders, who offered no resistance at all, but just smiled.

"Say, there, Mr. Writer, you go about things in a pretty realistic way," said Crothers. "You know, you might have speared me through and through!"

"It might not have been necessary, Crothers," put in Timmons. "Even a little scratch would do the trick with the tip end of that blade. Poison, you know, and all that sort of thing!"

In horror, they all looked at the slight gash in Crothers hand, where the blade had cut him as he grasped the spear from Sanders' hands. Dr. Amy rushed over, into expert action.

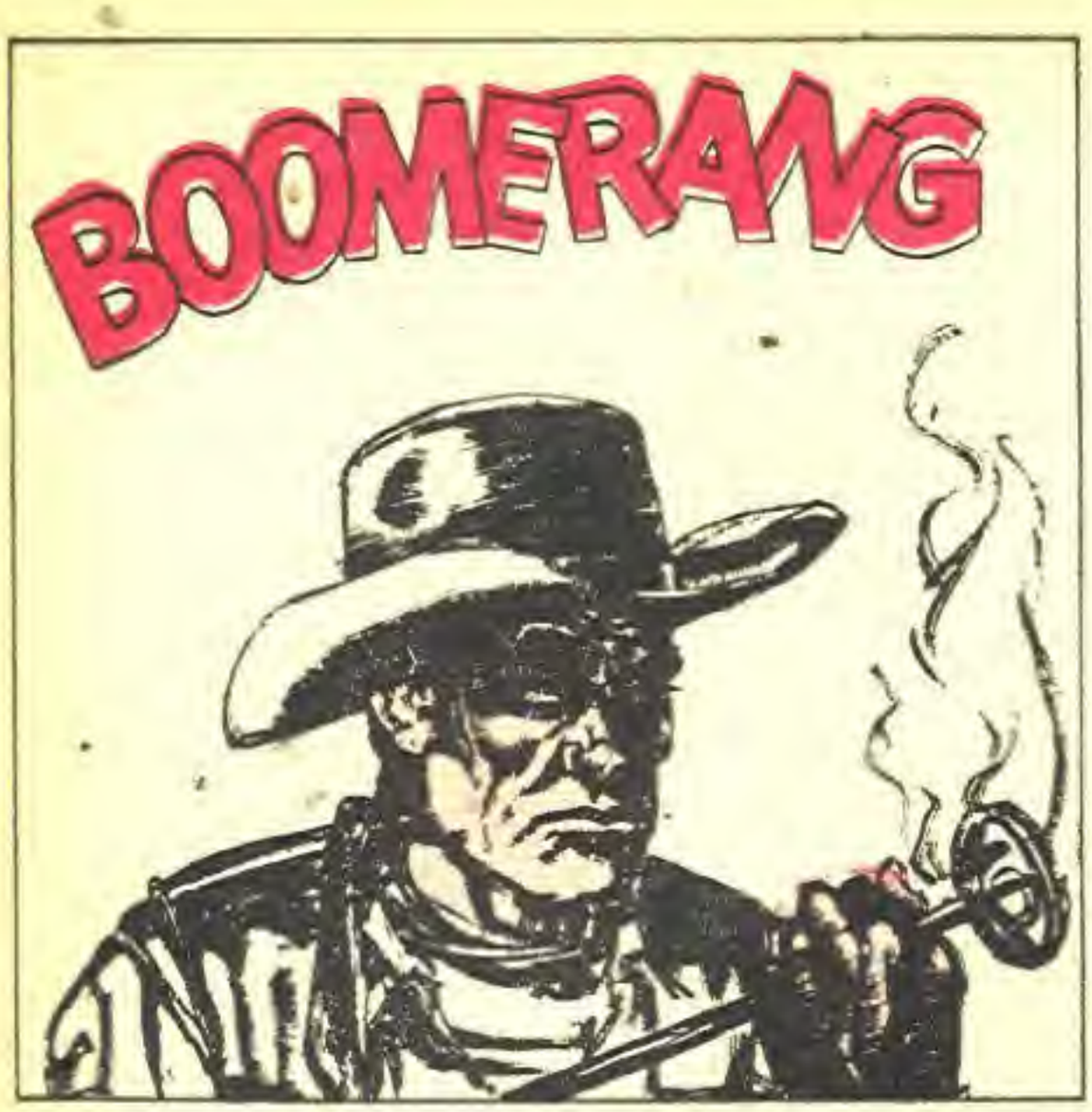
"Quick, men, let's rush him to the hospital!" he said, "Unless, of course, it's too late already . . ."

Crothers was beginning to pale, and the bulk of him lay on the large davenport. All the men crowded around him. They could understand, being all explorers, that the subtle poison of the jungle savages was working, working swiftly, and that in another few minutes, Crothers, the giant, would die!

"Sanders! Where's Sanders?" shouted one of them, as they all turned to look. He was nowhere around. Sanders had fled the room and the Club.

"Well", said Timmons slowly, "that writer fellow now has at least one real life murder plot that he's lived through—and my hunch is he won't live long enough to write it!"

The End


BOOMERANG

BOYS, IF WE DON'T GIT BACK THEM STOLEN COWS, I'M RUINT!

I'LL FIND THAT HERD, BOSS, DON'T YUH WORRY. I GOT A HUNCH THEY'RE NEARBY!
HO, YUH'LL DO WHAT YORE BETTERS CAN'T, BILLY- THEM COWS'RE IN MEXICO!

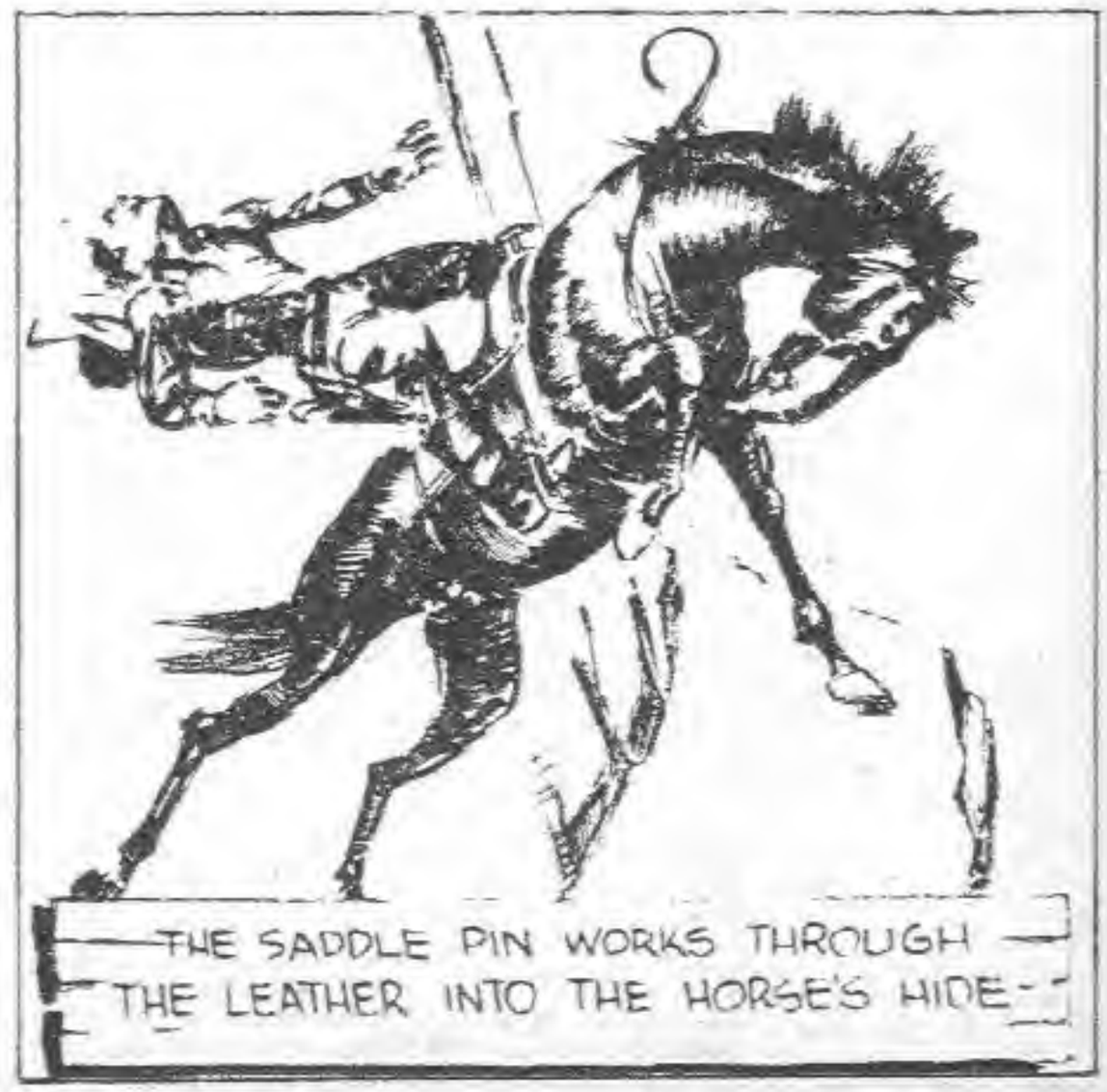
YUH'VE BIN PURTY TOUGH WITH ME, JAKE. I'VE TOOK IT 'CAUSE O' MR. LEWIS!
DON'T FIGHT, BOYS, WHILE I'M SICK!

YUH SKUNK, BILLY, I GOT A MIND TO BEAT YORE FACE IN!

AH, CHANG, I'LL RIDE OUT AND FIND THEM COWS SOON'S I STORE UP!

I'LL LEARN HIM! THIS'LL WORK DOWN WHEN HE'S OUT A WAYS, AND THEN-

THAT TRAIL'S LOST ON THE SHALE, BUT I BELIEVE THEM COWS'RE NEAR HERE!


THE SADDLE PIN WORKS THROUGH THE LEATHER INTO THE HORSE'S HIDE-

WHAT THE-

WOW! I'M FALLING-!

THE BOSS'S COWS IN THIS HIDDEN CANYON- I'LL HIDE HERE A WHILE!

PANCHO, WE'LL DRIVE THESE DOGGIES OUT TONIGHT- THERE'S A FOOL GALOOT WHO'S HUNTIN' EM!
SI, SENOR BOSS!

OKAY, JAKE, IT'S ALL OVER NOW - DON'T TOUCH YORE GUN!
YUH RAT, I'LL-

YES, BOSS, JAKE AND THIS HOMBRE DROVE YORE STEERS TO THE HIDDEN CANYON- I SHOT JAKE WHEN HE DREW ON ME- HE STUCK A PIN IN MY SADDLE AND THROWED ME RIGHT DOWN HIS MIDST-
YUH'VE SHORE SAVED ME, BILLY- YORE FOREMAN HERE FROM NOW ON!

A COMPLETE STORY

MUG EM KID

BY WILLIAM EISNER

DAILY
KILLER AT LARGE!
POLICE ARE BAFFLED!
IDENTITY OF KILLER STILL UNKNOWN
HEY BOYS!! — — — DIDJA' SEE DIS — — — I'M STILL AT LARGE — HAW-HAW-HAW — — WELL I SHOULD BE — — — EVERYBODY WOTS SEEN ME IS DEAD!! HAW HAW HAW!!!
6

— YEA — DATS JUST DA TROUBLE — — WE' BEEN BUMPIN PEOPLE LIKE FLIES — — 'AN MOST OF 'EM COPS TOO!!
'SMATTER GITTIN' YALLER CURLEY??
7

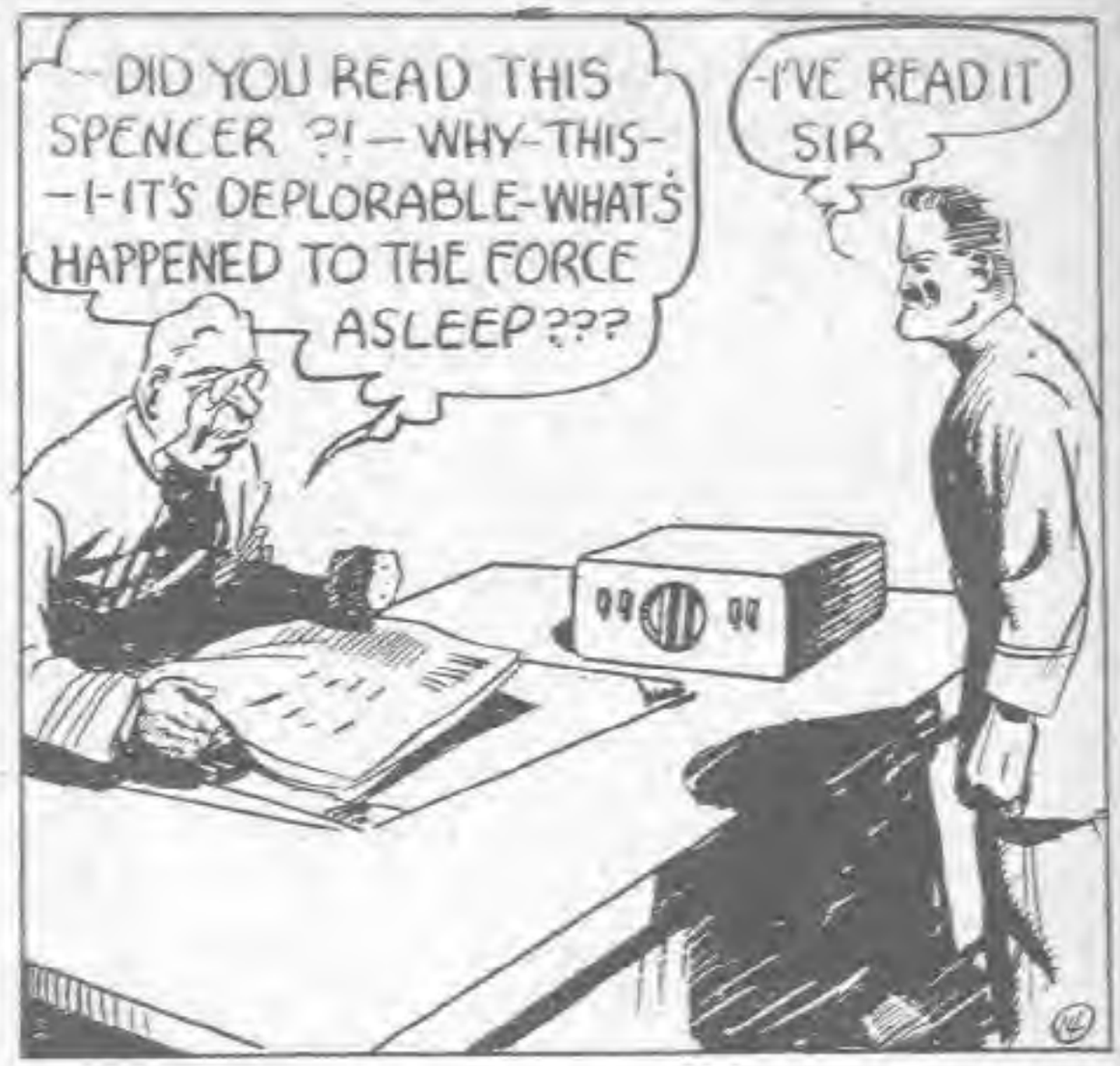
NAW — — YOU KNOW ME BETTER'N DAT! — — BUT — I'M NO KILLER! — AN I AINT GONNA BOIN' JUS' BECAUSE YOU GOT AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!!
SO WHAT?!
8

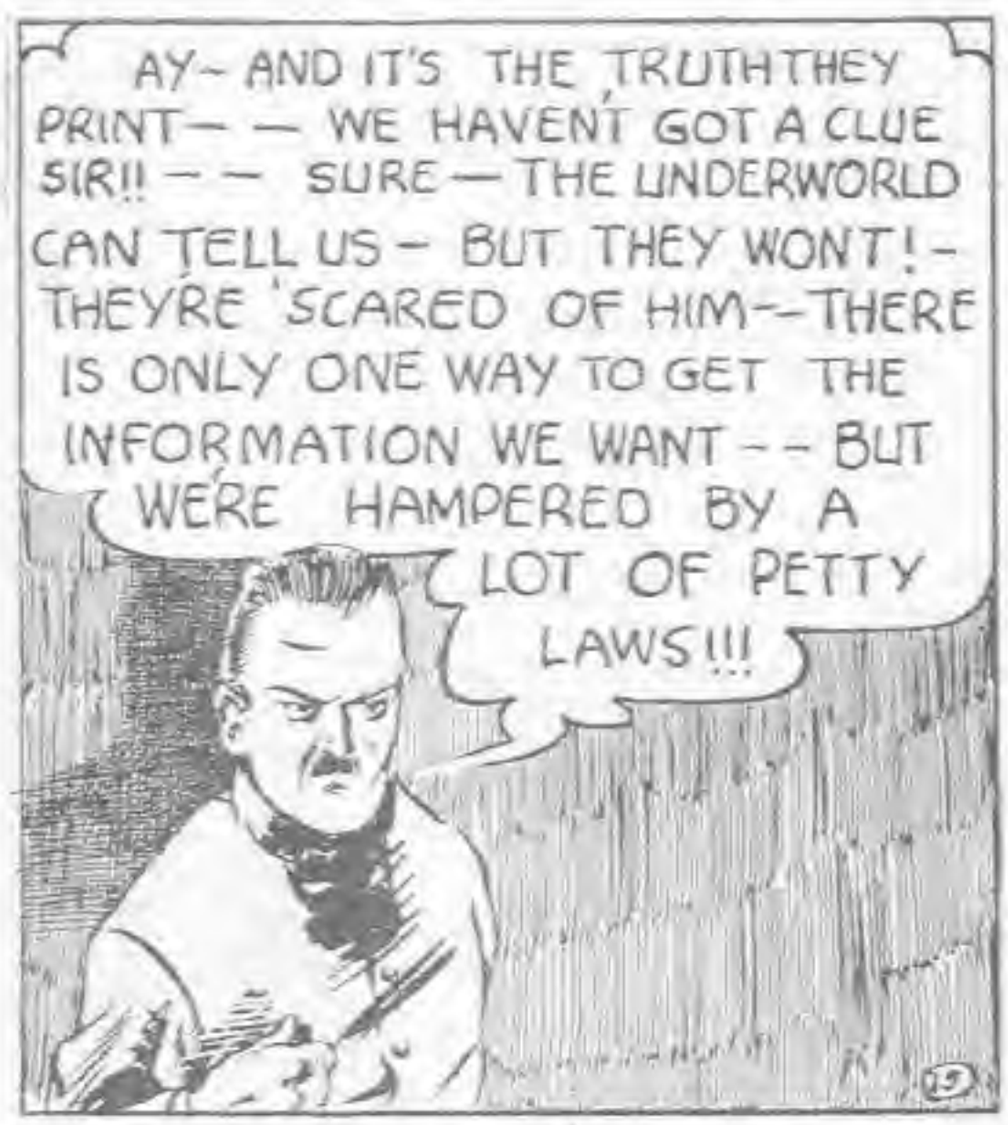
SO — — I'M QUITTIN'! I'LL BE SEEIN YUH — — — — IN DE HOT SEAT — —
9

SO-LONG CURLY!!
P.2
10

BANG!
DERE'S ONLY ONLY ONE WAY TO QUIT DIS GANG — — DAT'S DE WAY — — — — ANY BODY WANNA QUIT? — — — — NO? — — — O.K. THEN — GET RID OF THE STIFF!
11
12

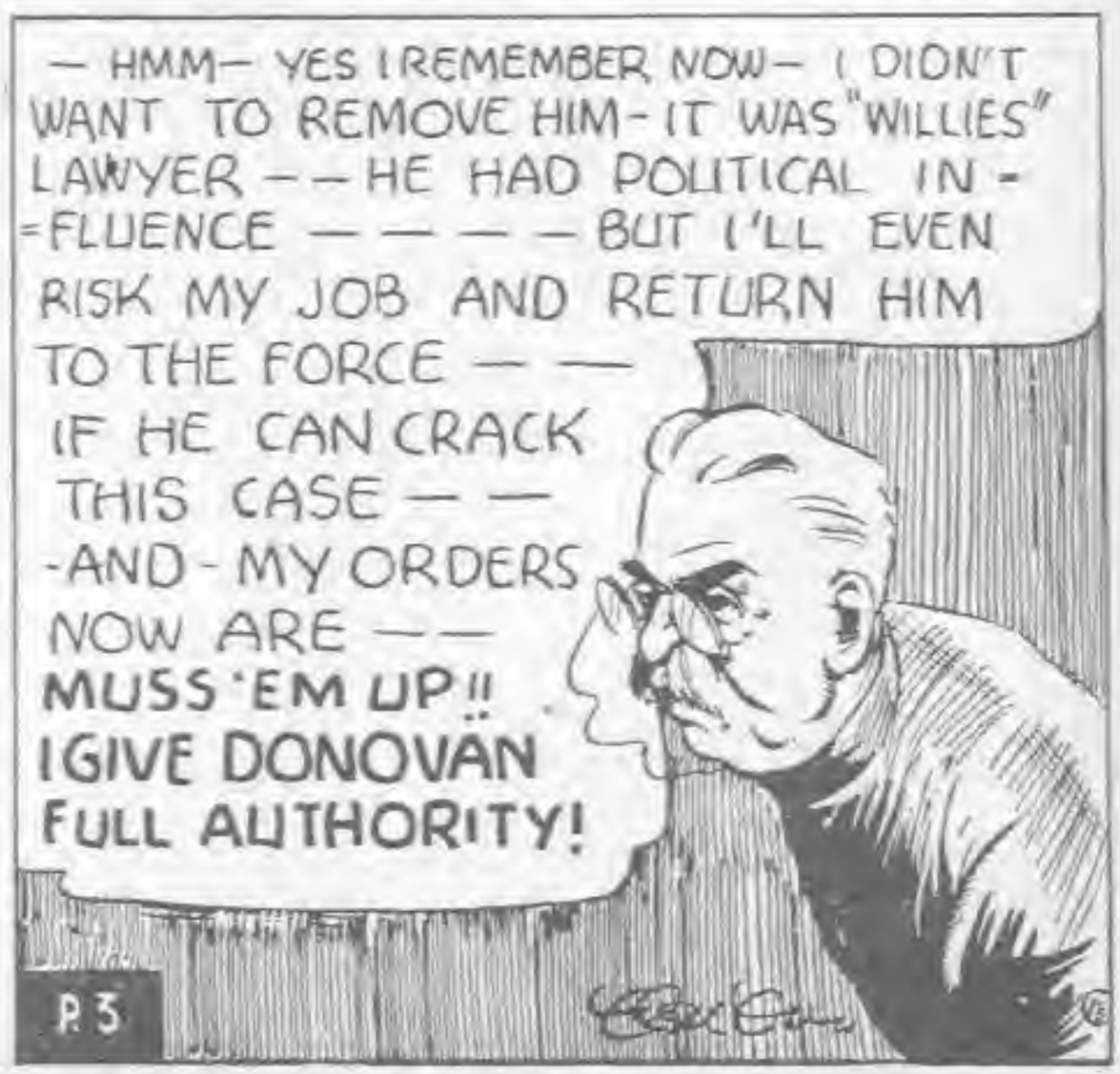
YES SIR ??
SEND CAPTAIN SPENCER IN TO ME - - - AND I'LL BE IN CONFERENCE ALL AFTERNOON
EDITORIAL
IT'S ABOUT TIME THE POLICE DID SOME THING ABOUT THESE RECENT KILLINGS OUR POLICE FORCE HAVE DONE NOTHING TO APPREHEND THIS FIEND


DID YOU READ THIS SPENCER ?! — WHY-THIS- -I-IT'S DEPLORABLE-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE FORCE ASLEEP???
-I'VE READ IT SIR


AY- AND IT'S THE TRUTH THEY PRINT— — WE HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE SIR!! - - SURE — THE UNDERWORLD CAN TELL US - BUT THEY WONT! - THEY'RE 'SCARED OF HIM - - THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET THE INFORMATION WE WANT - - BUT WE'RE HAMPERED BY A LOT OF PETTY LAWS!!!

— IN MY OPINION THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN IN THIS TOWN THAT CAN GET US WHAT WE WANT — — HE'S "HAMMER DONOVAN"
WELL ?? - WELL WHY HAVEN'T YOU ASSIGNED HIM TO THIS CASE -THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT - -

-YOU THREW HIM OFF THE FORCE FOR BEATING UP "WILLIE THE MOUSE" - BUT I THINK HE'LL COME BACK AND TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT - - IF - - YOU ASK HIM - AND GIVE HIM A FREE HAND!!


— HMM— YES I REMEMBER NOW— I DION'T WANT TO REMOVE HIM - IT WAS "WILLIES" LAWYER - - HE HAD POLITICAL IN - - FLUENCE — — — — BUT I'LL EVEN RISK MY JOB AND RETURN HIM TO THE FORCE — — IF HE CAN CRACK THIS CASE — — -AND - MY ORDERS NOW ARE — — MUSS 'EM UP!! I GIVE DONOVAN FULL AUTHORITY!

WELL, WELL, WELL MY BOY HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE BACK AND WORKING WITH US AGAIN ??
SWELL-AND YOU KNOW IT

---AND THAT'S THE STORY--THESE KILLINGS MUST BE STOPPED---AND WE HAVENT A SINGLE CLUE!!

-NOW-THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT YOU- THE UNDER=WORLD KNOWS WHO AND WHERE THIS KILLER IS--- YOU HAVE A "FREE HAND" DO ANYTHING YOU WANT - BUT GET THAT KILLER!

NOW-WHAT'S YOUR FIRST MOVE
-RAID EVERY "JOINT" IN TOWN--DRAG IN ALL THE KNOWN CROOKS--- WE'LL 'HAMMER' THE INFORMATION OUT OF THEM!!

C'MON TALK YOU CROOK OR I'LL--
-I-I-WONT--DO WOTCHA LIKE TO ME-IT AINT NUTHIN' TO WOT'LL HAPPEN TO ME IF I SQUEAL!!

ALL-RIGHT--ALL-RIGHT- I'LL LET YOU GO--BUT YOU CAN TELL THE REST OF THE UNDER--WORLD RATS THIS--- I'M COMING AFTER THIS KILLER MYSELF-- AND WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM---

— HAMMER DONOVAN'S HOME THE NEXT MORNING — —

-HELLO--YES HEADQUARTERS THIS IS DONOVAN-WHAT?? ANOTHER MURDER ?--DID YOU QUESTION THE DYING WITNESS? —SO— — — — IT'S **MIKE MOARELLI** EH? — — — WELL NOW WE'VE AT LEAST GOT SOMETHING TO WORK ON!! — — —

YES--I'M GOING OUT TO GET HIM!! - BLOCK ALL HIGHWAY'S IN-AND-OUT OF THE CITY--COVER THE SHIPPING AND RAIL DEPOTS — — THATS ALL UNTIL YOU NEXT HEAR FROM ME — — — — — THANKS

GOING OUT BY SELF?

YES FEN SOO -- GOING RAT HUNTING — — IT'S MIKE MOAR=ELLI — — I'M ITCHING TO TAKE A CRACK AT HIM --WELL HERE GOES NOTHING !!

THIS MORNING PASSES WEARILY INTO EVENING -AS HAMMER CONTINUES HIS SEARCH — —

C'MON SPILL!! - WHERE IS MIKE ??

'CHEEZ'- DON'T HIT ME NO MORE DONOVAN! -HONES' I'M TELLIN YUH DE' TRUTH - I DONT KNOW WHERE HE IS -- I SWEAR IT!!

HONEST BOSS I AINT SEEN HIM NO PLACE

IT HAD BETTER BE THE TRUTH!!

WELL--WELL--WELL IF IT ISNT 'HOPHEAD HARRY' -- HOW'S THE DOPE BUSINESS?

WOTCHA WANT WID ME--I AINT DONE NUTHIN!!

-I'M LOOKING FOR MIKE MOARELLI -YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS- AND YOUR GOING TO TELL ME BECAUSE IF YOU DONT --WELL-I HEAR THAT THE NARCOTIC SQUAD IS LOOKING FOR YOU-- WELL--DO I GET THE INFO??

-P-PLEASE - DONT--I'LL TALK---HHE'S HIDIN' OUT IN BACK O'MOONY'S GARAGE-D--DONT TELL 'EM WILLYUH DEY'LL KILL ME SSSURE!

-A SLY SMILE APPEARS ON MIKE'S FACE AS HE SEES THAT HAMMER DONOVAN IS ALONE---

- SUDDENLY HAMMER SPINS AROUND AND FIRES AT A FIGURE CONCEALED BEHIND A DRAPERY----

DROP THAT GAT AND SAY YOUR PRAYERS !!
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!! — —

BANG

CRAK
GET UP AND FIGHT--YOU YELLOW LIVERED MURDERER!!
-O.K.C-C-COPPER-YOU W-WIN — —

HELLO-HELLO- HEADQUARTERS-DONOVAN AGAIN--I'VE GOT MOARELLI --YES I'M ALL RIGHT THANKS ---GET THE "HOT SEAT WARMED UP! --AND-OH YES ---
SEND AN AMBULANCE FOR MIKE AND HIS PAL---THEY WERE RESISTING AN OFFICER--SO I SORT OF MUSSED 'EM UP!!
P7
THE END

Sergeant Neil "Lucky" Coyne and Detective Mike McDune were assigned to the difficult and dangerous task of finding Killer Sloane, escaped murderer. They trailed him to a quiet section of the city, but there the trail was lost. McDune, gruff and impatient for action, had found this ceaseless search monotonous.

They paused in their weary patrol before the home of a friend, Dr. Samuel Brown. They needed a rest and Doc Brown would welcome them no matter how late the hour. They were greeted warmly by the old doctor and as they entered his home he beamed at them, glad of their company.

Two sinister figures stopped their car in front of Dr. Samuel Brown's home. They drew guns and crept up to the door. They scanned the brass nameplate with satisfaction. One pressed the doorbell and they raised their guns to greet whoever answered their ring. They were plainly nervous and waited impatiently, swearing at the delay and keeping a sharp lookout for anyone on the quiet street.

When Dr. Brown opened the door, he was greeted by two guns and the hard glint in the eyes of the men behind them indicated that resistance would be certain suicide. Dr. Brown tried to protest, but the men jabbed him with their weapons and snarled an order for him to hurry.

But the gunmen didn't know that two detectives were crouched in a small room just off the hall. Dr. Brown stepped back slowly, drawing the men into the trap. His features remained calm and betrayed none of the excitement that seethed within him.

The gunmen forced him into a car and they sped rapidly out of the city limits. On the trip Dr. Brown learned why he was needed. A friend of the men who had kidnapped him had been shot and needed a physician's care. Dr. Brown vainly tried to protest, but he was not given an opportunity. Where were Lucky Coyne and Big Mike? They had made no attempt to grab the gunmen!

The moment that the gunmen rolled away with Dr. Brown in their car, Lucky and Big Mike were on the street hailing a taxi. They sped in pursuit. Lucky, thinking swiftly, guessed that Killer Sloan had been wounded in his getaway and his pals had kidnapped Doc Brown to treat him.

The car traveled far out of the city and stopped behind an old farmhouse. Dr. Brown, with a gun in the small of his back, was pushed into the house. He was led to a bedroom where he found a man with a chest wound from a bullet. Brown recognized him as Killer Sloan, wanted for robbery and murder. The two gunmen promised Brown a thousand dollars if he could help Sloan.

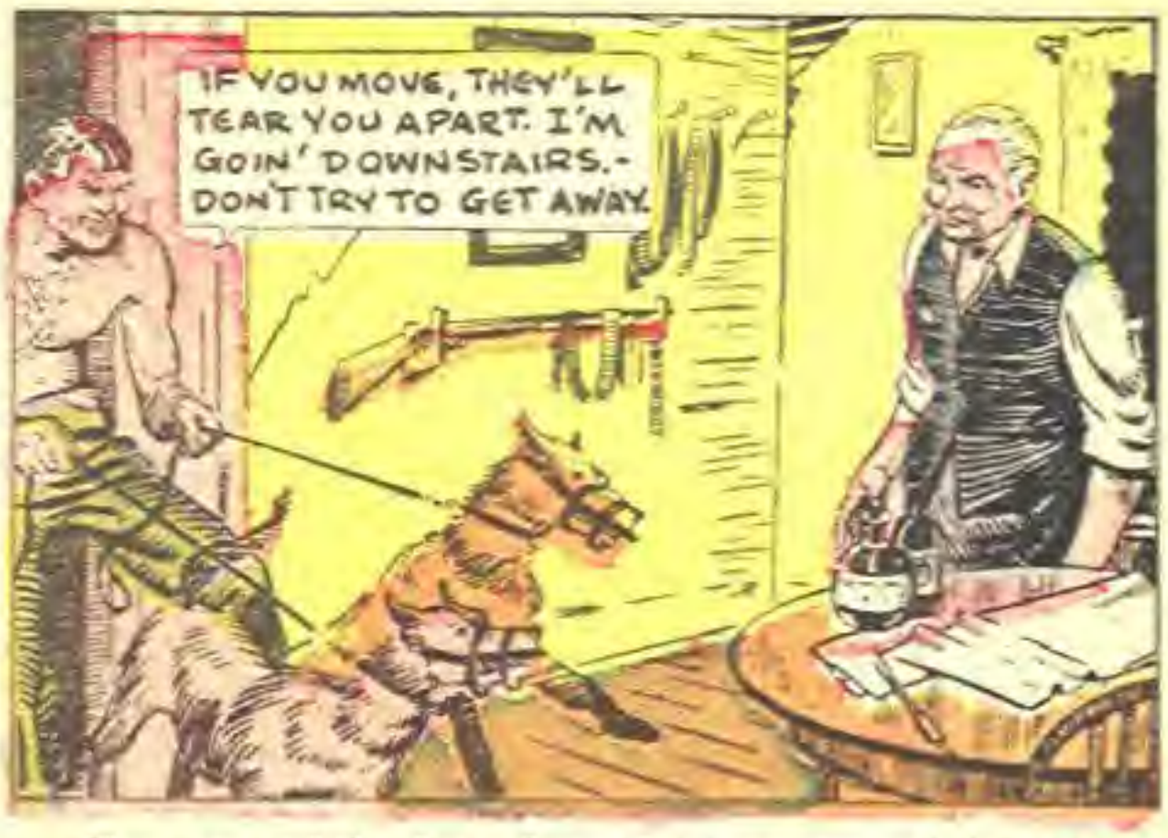
Dr. Brown knew only too well that the offer of a thousand-dollar fee was only a ruse. Once Killer Sloan was well again, guns would surely bark. Yet Dr. Brown felt sorry for the wounded killer. He treated him as best he could, hoping against hope for an opportunity to escape. To jump the guns would have been sheer suicide. Coyne and Big Mike must have followed! Were they preparing a raid on this farmhouse?

Outside, hidden behind the high brush, the two detectives sized up the house. Big Mike was all for rushing the place and fighting it out, but Lucky's saner judgment prevailed. To have attempted to take the place by storm would have resulted surely in the murder of Dr. Brown.

Wisely, Dr. Brown realized that his two friends must be outside awaiting an opportunity to attack, but fearing that he would be the first man to die, Brown asked for more adhesive and Sloan dispatched his gunmen to get it and also to steal a car. Sloan kept his gun on Brown every moment and there was murder in his eyes.

Lucky and Big Mike saw the two gunmen emerge and head for their car. Swiftly Big Mike went into action. He lunged for the crooks, grabbed them, and with a grunt of displeasure, he smashed their heads together. But one man whipped out his gun and fired a warning shot.

Killer Sloan heard the shot and instantly he knew what it meant. He would have to shoot it out. Vaguely he suspected the doctor of engineering this raid and he made up his mind to murder him. But he might prove an excellent hostage if things got too bad.



Sloan opened the door of an adjoining room and dragged out two vicious, half starved dogs. They were muzzled, but Sloan kept away from them. He bent down, stripped off the muzzles and removed the leash. With a laugh he ran downstairs where he might surprise the police. The dogs began to circle the doctor, snarling and baring their teeth.

The moment the killer left Dr. Brown smiled. He calmed the dogs with soft words and gestures of friendship. They responded quickly and their growls changed to yelps of pleasure. Undaunted by their former ferocity, Dr. Brown carefully approached them. A miracle had been accomplished. Brown could pass by those canine guards without harm. But he didn't leave. Instead he listened while the guns began to crack as Sloan shot it out with Lucky and Big Mike.

Sloan, from a window on the first floor, poured shot after shot into the darkness, firing at the orange streaks of light from the guns of the police. Coyne and Big Mike returned the fire. Sloan believed the house surrounded and determined to make a hostage of Dr. Brown.

Confidently Sloan raced back upstairs and laughed when he heard the scuffling of the dogs' paws on the floor. He opened the door before this avalanche of canine onslaught. He went down, pinned to the floor by the two heavy dogs. Dr. Brown scooped up the gun Sloan had dropped.

Lucky rushed in and overpowered Killer Sloan, pinned down by the dogs. Big Mike followed with the still unconscious crooks under his arms. Sloan listened in amazement as Coyne explained Dr. Brown was a veterinary and these dogs knew him. Sloan was handcuffed and led away on his first step toward the electric chair.

GABBY FLYNN

BY Ken Ernst

1.
GABBY AND LONGFELLOW SPOT MAXINE TUFT WHO WORKS FOR THE OTHER MORNING PAPER IN TOWN!
DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME OR IS THAT THE MISS MAXIE TUFT?
HAH! I SEE THE LIGHT NOW! MISS T. IS BENT UPON THE SAME MISSION AS ARE WE, TO WIT: TO INTERVIEW F.D.R. WONG!

2
RIGHT YOU ARE, TALL, DARK, AND DILAPIDATED! AND IF YOU BOYS PLAN TO GET IN MY HAIR WHILE I'M DOING THAT LITTLE THING, LET ME KNOW IN ADVANCE AND I'LL REMOVE MY HAIR PINS!...I'D HATE TO SEE YOU GET STUCK!

3. ALWAYS THINKING OF OUR COMFORT, AREN'T YOU, DARLING?
I'D GET YOUR PIPE AND SLIPPERS BUT I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KEEP MISTER F.D.R. WONG WAITING!
F.D.R.

MISTER WONG? I'M GABBY FLYNN FROM THE MORNING HERALD! THIS IS LONGFELLOW, MY PHOTOGRAPHER, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE ONE, THE ONLY, THE ORIGINAL MAXIE TUFT FROM THE TRIBUNE!
4. WE'RE HERE TO GET THE DOPE ON YOUR WINNING ALL THAT MONEY IN THE SWEEPSTAKES! HOW DID YOU FEEL WHEN YOU FIRST LEARNED OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE?

5.
NO FEELING UNTIL DELIVERY OF MONIES! THEN FOLLOW SWIFTLY GREATLY JOY AND MUCH SALESMEN! HERE IS MONIES IN PERSON! IT ARE QUITE A WAD, ARE IT NOT?

I'LL SAY IT ARE— I MEAN-YEAH! BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GETTING HELD UP?
6 IF CROOK ARE SAPPISH ENOUGH TO PAY ME UNTIMELY VISIT WILL MEET UNTIMELY END WITH AID OF THIS THIRD PARTY!

HERE COME THREE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN TO LIVEN UP OUR LITTLE PARTY, MISTER WONG.!
ARE NEW FACES.! NEW FACE LIKE UMBRELLA, EASY TO FORGET.!
1

GREETINGS, WORTHY ONE.! NEWS OF GOOD FORTUNE REACH OUR EARS AND WE HASTEN TO EXTEND CONGRATULATIONS AND TO INFORM YOU OF BIG SALE ON RICE WHICH WE ARE ON VERGE OF HOPING TO NEGOTIATE.!
A. AND P. HAVE SALE ON RICE TOO.!
2.

THEN BUY IT THERE, BUD.! WE'RE NOT RICE SALESMEN.! WE WANT THAT SWEEPSTAKES DOUGH.!!
3.

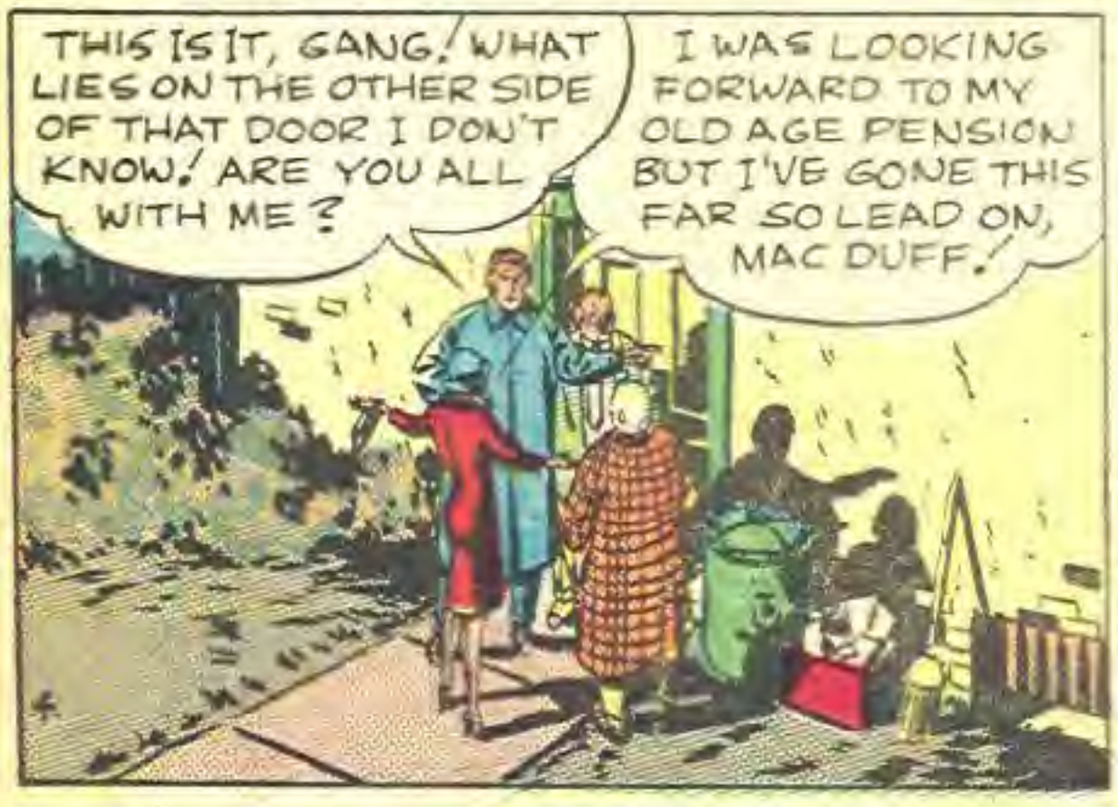
4.
BUT F.D.R. WONG BRINGS HIS THIRD PARTY INTO ACTION.!!
GET THAT GUN, SAM.! I'VE GOT THE REST COVERED!!

5.
MISSED ME.! HERE'S THE DOUGH... STUFF IT IN THE RICE BAG AND LET'S BLOW.!!
AGAINST THE WALL.! ALL OF YA.! OUT THE BACK WAY, C'MON.!!

1.
HOLY SMOKE! THOSE GUYS WOULD PUT A FULLER BRUSH MAN TO SHAME!
I ARE IN SUDDEN DUMPS OVER BREEZY EXIT OF MONIES! RAGS TO RICHES PLUS RETURN TRIP!

2.
HEY, GANG! FOLLOW ME AND ASK NO QUESTIONS!
SHERLOCK FLYNN RIDES AGAIN!

3.
ARE YOU SURE YOU NEVER SAW THOSE BIRDS BEFORE, WONG?
SURE AS ONLY CANDIDATE IN FIXED ELECTION!
YOU'RE IMPRESSIVE IN YOUR SECRECY, GABBY, BUT CAN'T YOU TELL US WHERE WE'RE GOING?
YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND THAT OUT IN TOMORROW'S HERALD, MISS TUFT!


4
THIS IS IT, GANG! WHAT LIES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR I DON'T KNOW! ARE YOU ALL WITH ME?
I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO MY OLD AGE PENSION BUT I'VE GONE THIS FAR SO LEAD ON, MAC DUFF!

5
IN PRESENCE OF DANGER TEETH CHATTER LIKE TYPEWRITER IN HANDS OF EXPERT!

6
TELL MAXIE TO STICK CLOSE TO US, LONGFELLOW!
HOLY SMOKE! SHE'S GONE! VANISHED!

LEAVE IT TO A WOMAN TO GET LOST! BUT WE CAN'T STOP NOW, JUST HAVE TO HOPE SHE'S OKAY!
1.

HERE'S THE DOOR WE WANT, FELLAS! I'LL SEE IF I CAN PICK THE LOCK!
MAKE IT SNAPPY, GABBY! MY HEART IS BEATING IN THREE QUARTERTIME ALREADY!
2

PARDON INTRUSION, GENTLEMEN, BUT KEY MADE FOR LOCK SAID TO WORK WONDERS IN MATTER OF OPENING DOOR!
OH! OH! ENTER RICE SALESMEN IN WOLF'S CLOTHING!
3.

YOU WERE VERY CLEVER IN FOLLOWING US HERE BUT ALSO VERY UNWISE AS YOU WILL SOON SEE!
ALRIGHT GENTS, INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND NO FUNNY MOVES!
4

5. PERHAPS YOU BOYS HAVEN'T HEARD THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY?
WE NEVER LISTEN TO IDLE RUMOR!

WHILE OUR THREE FRIENDS AWAIT THEIR FATE A STRANGE LOOKING FIGURE SURVEYS THE SCENE FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE HALL...
6

7 AIIEEEEE-AIIEEEE!! I HAVE COME FOR THE SOULS OF WICKED ONES!
BOSS! LOOK!

1
AS THE CROOKS ARE MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED GABBY AND HIS BOYS SWING INTO ACTION!!
C'MON FELLAS, HERE'S OUR CHANCE!
2
YIPPEE!!
WHAT HAPPEN TO LITTLE LADY AFTER SHE TAKE POWDER?
I THOUGHT ID DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATIN' ON MY OWN SO I QUIETLY DID A HOUDINI, FIGURING OF COURSE THAT YOU BOYS COULD TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES! I FINALLY WANDERED INTO THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL WHICH HAPPENS TO BE THE STORE-ROOM OF A CHINESE COSTUMER! I SAW YOUR CAPTURE THROUGH THE KEY HOLE AND GOT THE BRIGHT IDEA OF SCARING THE PANTS OFF THESE BIRDS WITH THIS FRANKENSTEIN CREATION! IT ISN'T VERY BECOMING BUT IT WORKED! BY THE WAY, GABBY, HOW DID YOU FOLLOW THESE LIGHT-FINGERED LADS HERE?

3
IT'S MAXIE!
RIGHT YOU ARE, HANDSOME! AND A NICE BOUQUET TO YOU BOYS FOR YOUR EXCELLENT AND TIMELY FISTICUFFS! SIT ON THOSE EGGS FOR A MINUTE AND I'LL GET SOME ROPE TO CINCH THE CAPTURE WITH!!
5. REMEMBER WHEN WONG TOOK A SHOT AT THIS CROOK IN THE LAUNDRY? WELL, WONG'S BULLET MADE A NEAT LITTLE HOLE THROUGH THE RICE BAG THE GUY WAS CARRYING! I JUST FOLLOWED THE TRAIL THE RICE MADE AS IT POURED OUT OF THE BAG!! LUCKILY THEIR HANGOUT WAS ONLY A BLOCK FROM THE LAUNDRY!
F.D.R. WONG HAS HIS MONEY BACK, THE CROOKS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO A CELL, AND WE OWE OUR LIVES TO LITTLE MAXIE HERE!
YEAH! THAT'S THE ONLY RUB! IF I HADN'T SAVED YOU LUGS I WOULD'VE HAD A SCOOP! I MUST BE GETTING SOFT!!
ERAST

DETECTION-ctes

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J. EDGAR HOOVER, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE AND THE "WEST POINT" OF POLICE SCHOOL, WASHINGTON.

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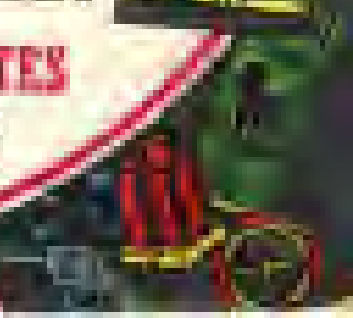

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